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# KILRAIN AND SULLIVAN TO FIGHT

## THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE ARTICLES SIGNED IN TORONTO THE LE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1889.

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Price Ten Cents.



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RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1889.

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RICHARD K. FOX.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

There are more ways of killing a cat than  
choking it with butter, the proverb assures us.  
The only way to hold the championship of  
America, however, is to fight for it.

A man down in Madison, Wis., committed the  
ghastly crime of murdering another man, and  
then mutilating his body. He was an unem-  
ployed cheese-maker. He evidently was afraid  
of getting out of practice.

A young lady at Xenia, Ohio, has written to a  
local paper to say that the wearing of striped  
stockings is sinful. This is the first intima-  
tion we have had that the pattern of the stock-  
ings had anything to do with it.

A new departure has been made in the manu-  
facture of cheap stem-winding watches. They  
are now making a short-wind watch, but this  
will not destroy the popularity of the long-  
wind watch as an exercising machine.

A Chicago thief recently tried to get out of  
the way of the officers of the law by locking  
himself up in a trunk and having the same  
shipped as baggage to St. Louis. The next  
trunk he will get in will have more elbow room.

This winter is having its share of skating ac-  
cidents. The latest occurred at South Fram-  
ingham, Mass. Six lads skated themselves  
out of this world. Such accidents as this are  
the more lamentable because they might be  
avoided by proper precautions.

One of our morning newspapers, which is  
always filled with bright ideas, published, the  
day after New Years, two columns embracing  
a variety of recipes from well-known medical  
men for curing a swell head. Of course they  
were not intended to cure all kinds of swell  
head.

Hungry Joe, the noted confidence man, has  
got in trouble again. He was recently sentenced  
to the penitentiary for buncoing a man by the  
name of Bausmer out of \$5.00. It is probable  
he will not be as hungry when he gets out again,  
though a diet of bread and water is a fine thing  
to sharpen the appetite.

Solomon Josephs, a well-to-do New Yorker,  
shot and fatally wounded his wife last week be-  
cause he was jealous of her. Any man who has  
such a pretty wife that she attracts the atten-  
tion of other men ought to feel proud. Had Mr.  
Josephs' better half been a homely woman, he  
would have been, in a measure, justified in kill-  
ing her.

The action of the Citizens' Association in  
Brooklyn in preventing sparring matches is  
generally condemned by the patrons of boxing.  
One would suppose the Citizens' Association of  
the moral, chaste City of Churches would make  
more strenuous efforts to check the various  
forms of vice without interfering with manly  
exercises which do no harm to any one.

The pigeon shooters who indulge in trap  
shooting at this season of the year are handi-  
capped by the law, owing to the fact that it is  
illegal in many States to shoot pigeons. In  
New Jersey especially this form of sport con-  
flicts with the law, also in this State; but why  
such a law should be enforced in free America  
to oblige a few cranks appears strange when in  
every country on the globe pigeon shooting is  
practiced.

## MASKS AND FACES

### The Players' Club—"Standing Room Only."

### GOSSIP ABOUT GARTERS.

### The Bows of the Beaux--Singers and Dancers.

### DRAMATIC DRIFTWOOD.

"Let me see thee caper," says Sir Toby to Sir Andrew in the play.  
There must have been considerable capering and merriment at the Players' Club, which Edwin Booth inaugurated on the eve of the New Year. The exercises began solemnly enough, however.

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"Although our vocations are various," said he, "I greet you all as brother players. At this supreme moment of my life, it is my happy privilege to assume the character of host—to welcome you to the house which, in a few moments will be your own, wherein I hope that we for many years, and our legitimate successors, for at least a thousand generations, may assemble for friendly intercourse and intellectual recreation. Especially for the worthy ones of my profession am I desirous that this association shall be the means of bringing them, regardless of their theatrical rank, in communion with those who, ignorant of their personal qualities, hidden by the mask and motley of our calling, know them as actors only. Frequent intercourse with gentlemen of other arts and professions who love the stage and appreciate the value of the drama as an aid to intellectual culture, must inspire the humblest player with a reverence for his vocation as one among the first of fine arts—which too many regard as merely a means of the gratification of vanity and selfishness. Such is the object of this club.

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I saw them put out a "Standing Room Only" on Broadway the other night.

That reminds me of a yarn.

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He ran his fingers over the little pile of silver in the box office, looked thoughtful, curled his blond moustache, and then added, with quiet determination, to his factotum: "John, pack away all those vacant chairs in there, and put out 'Standing room only.' I don't want to resort to lying if I can help it!"

There is no profession in the world in which there is as much humbug and sham as in this same dramatic profession. There is no business where the dear public is so generally fooled.

Your advance agent is more unreliable than a pack of lawyers.

Your manager is more skillful and less reliable than your calculating political statisticians.

And the average husband of the average star is as fond and foolish as the most thoroughly gulled dude.

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hours and a half at a stretch; from applauding actors and actresses, many of whom would do better to sell suspenders or measure tape.

Wagner is all the rage at the Metropolitan.

Charles Reade, the novelist, tells us in his diary that he once saw Wagner at one of his own operas. "Two or three of us had taken a seat in a proscenium box," said he. "Suddenly a stranger took a seat behind us, and expressed himself in such sentences as 'Ach Himmel! Ach schlecht, sehr schlecht!' and many other gutturals of the same sort, clapping his hands meanwhile and stamping like a demented creature, until he became absolutely intolerable. As soon as the first act was over I sought the usher, requesting him to have the apparent lunatic removed. But I can never hope to give you the gestures or expression with which he replied: 'Ach, das ist Herr Wagner!'"

Rossini, Verdi and Meyerbeer would have acted quite as much as a lunatic as Wagner did if they could hear their own works interpreted by these gentlemen from the Rhine.

As I glance over the list of the people who compose the cast of "The Kitty," a farce comedy produced at Dockstader's this week, I see no reason for the appearance on any boards of at least six of the cast.

Belle La Verde was passable, but could be spared.

Celia Valmer, however, and Viola Randall, and Ida Hazelton ought to retire permanently.

The farce comedy, I may add, did not prove a rousing success.

Meatlayer, as *Tariff Bill*, a Bowery politician, was excellent in the conception and execution of his part.

Theresa Vaughn looked pretty.

W. J. Russell, as *Dennis Mud*, tried his best, and gentlemen are requested not to fire at him.

Harry Pike, as a dude, was as weak as boarding house tea.

West and Gallagher were good in their specialties.

Mary Gray could hardly have improved her work as the spinster with matrimonial proclivities.

But, as a whole, the show was not a go.

There was a little incident on the first night, not down on the bills, which proved somewhat amusing.

During the first act, while Miss Vaughn was singing, two individuals in the first balcony laughed, gaped and gesticulated so that the singer finally caught their eye and stopped.

"If those two loafers are not put out," she cried at last, "I won't go on."

The two men were finally put out, but Miss Vaughn did not recover her composure for the rest of the evening.

Meatlayer, who is a comedian worthy of a good comedy, says he has done with farce forever.

I am glad to hear it.

Annie Sutherland is said to do well as the

"Water Queen" at the Chicago Opera House.

Kathryn Roland is the handsomest woman in Charlotte Thompson's company.

Helen Blythe is in town resting.

Estelle Clayton, according to Mr. Durant, was a social success down South.

Maude Banks will be supported by the stick-like Whitecar.

Now that Lole Fuller is going to the West Indies, I am reminded of some other favorites beyond the sea.

John Gourlay has been appearing in "The Brook" in Melbourne, Australia. He is a great favorite down there.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Williamson (Maggie Moore) have revived "Struck Oil" at Sydney.

Carrie Swain recently closed a successful season in the same city.

Adelaide Detton, in readings, is doing well at the Antipodes.

Amy Sherwin has left Adelaide for East India.

George Miln, our preacher-actor, recently played a Shakespearean season in Brisbane.

The Hicks-Sawyer Minstrels have cut it fat in New Zealand.

Oliver Byron, at the Windsor, in "The Upper Hand," was as luridly melodramatic as ever.

His hands dipped, his mouth fringed, his eyes rolled, and he was altogether a terribly successful awakener of horrible emotions.

Villainy, murder and insanity stalk in his wake.

And Kate Byron accompanies him through it all, and they are happy.

Meanwhile J. C. (Fatty) Stewart is soon to say good-bye to the "Two Johns" and appear in a new play, "The Fat Men's Club."

Here is a story that you may not have heard. It illustrates how W. J. Cleveland got even with a high-toned hotel clerk once upon a time.

The man at the desk was so magnificently gotten up and such a grand creature, that Cleveland did not have the heart to kick when he was led away skyward by a guide and roomed on the top floor of the tall tavern; but he was mad just the same, as forty of his company were there quartered. When he blandly, after supper, asked that clerk to "come round," there was mischief in his eye, but the hotel clerk bit at the bait and was one of the earliest to seek admission at the door.

"I accepted your invitation," said the clerk.

"Oh! you are welcome," returned Mr. Cleveland.

"but you can't go in here, you must go in the gallery—the garret—that is where I am in your house!"

I have, when going to theatres at times observed the bows of our beaux of the stage.

Kylie Bellew bows in a rigid, studied manner.

Eben Plympton is more graceful than most men inclined to be stout.

Herbert Keley raises his shoulders rather too much.

Miller Kent is delightfully easy.

Nat C. Goodwin, in "Lend Me Five Shillings," even though in evening dress, always makes a burlesquer's bow.

Henry Miller is mildly, slowly impressive when he bows.

Horace Vinton, like Plympton, makes an inclination remarkable for its artistic equipose.

Maurice Barrymore bows with lazy ease.

Louis Massen bows as though he disliked himself for bowing at all.

Sothern bows stiffly, à la John Bull.

John Drew has a well-studied bow at his command.

Old beau James Lewis bows like a superannuated variety man.

Joseph Jefferson bows with old-time courtly elegance.

I was much amused by this prop. plot recently introduced to the stage manager of Pilot's Opera House, Houston, Tex., by the stage manager of McCabe and Young's Minstrels: 20 chairs strap Back 2 Hat Boxes 8 inch Some Flower 1 Pistol Shot Fire 3 Plates 3 Cans 3 boxes 1 Rat trap Round Elevating—5 feet High 1111 Wide 8111 length 24 Height 3 feet Wide 12111 long.

Our variety friends have been as active as even in all parts of the country.

Estelle Wellington pleased at the London Theatre, New York.

Lillian Merritt was a favorite at Harry Williams' Academy, Pittsburg, Pa.

Nellie Burr and Lilly Billington got calls at Minneapolis, Minn.

The Inman Sisters won applause at Koster and Bial's.

Annie Earle made them clap their hands at Bridgeport, Conn.

Martha Steen and Laura Lee warbled successfully in "sacred" concert.

"I have carefully studied the subject of garters," said Mrs. Grundy to me recently. "The high and low of it is this. The older actresses wore and still wear the circular garter, and put it below the knee. This method of wearing the garter had the effect of making the calf look small and the knee large. Then there is the more modern way of garter get up, and that is placing it high above the knee. This gives the lower leg a nice smooth appearance, in a fine

stocking, but causes a lump at the knee. Modern actresses, especially burlesquers, and society women, too, wear side garters. A band is worn around the waist, and long, thin straps, attached to this band, hold the hosiery taut and tight. The old-fashioned garter is still worn, however, by ladies who have a trim leg to show. They come high. The garters, I mean, I have seen them as dear as \$50 and as dear as \$150. The clasps are gold and jewelled.

"I once picked up a pair of garters that belonged to Hortense Schneider for three hundred francs. Bernhardt has a pair of garters that belonged to Mademoiselle Mars, the actress and lady love of Napoleon I. They don't fit her—too large by half. Celine Montaland always affects black satin garters, and black seems to be the prevailing shade at present."

Mrs. Yeamans is said to dislike Louise Sylvester.

Mabel Amber, late of Bob Mantell's company, is one of the best shaped women who promenades Broadway these autumnal days.

Grace Filkins spends her time prior to her appearance at the Casino in taking lessons in music and dancing, and doing embroidery.

Kitty Cheatham, of Daly's, does not look particularly happy in her new surroundings.

Does she fancy Isabella Irving?

I hear Signor Tromboni is rather severe in his judgment on Philadelphia.

"Decca town La Sonnambula. I likka da monk—he quicka get likka da peop' an' sleep alla da time. Mea too. I makka de moos—da peop' waka up. 'Sweet Violette'—newa tune—takka likka da hotta caka. I makka da muchu mon'. We stay longa time with mia brud' who sella da banan on da Archu street. He have gootsa biz. Da Philadelphiant eata g-r-r-rat man' banan'—makka sleep. Decca town ver-r-r big r-r-r-round. Takka up muchu g-r-r-round. Decca house just likka decca one—noa dif. I likka not much, noa style. In streets day have da cabella cara—noa horse—no steama—r-r-r run like da dev'. Da peop' not muchu good—tooa laz—too muchu lazaroni, too muchu dude."

Speaking of dullness reminds me of a cynical remark I overheard the other night.

"Fine looking woman, Fourinbandler's, isn't she?"

"Yes; deuced fine looking, but slow, dull; can't talk. What the devil does he do with her during the entre-acts? Must seem long!"

ROSEN.

### SHE WEARS PANTS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The city of Hallowell, Me., numbers among her inhabitants one of the gentler sex, whose remarkable peculiarity in dress makes her the observed of all observers whenever and wherever she appears in public. The secret of the peculiarity is, she wears pants! Real matter-of-fact pants. She has her house pants, her street pants, summer pants, winter pants, every-day pants and Sunday-go-to-meeting pants, pants for every occasion, for her wardrobe is extensive and varied. Thus says the Portland, Me., *Express* correspondent. The writer of this squib goes on to state that the lady's name is Miss Emeline Prescott. Miss Prescott is represented among our illustrations this week as entertaining New Year callers by showing her peculiar wardrobe.

### FLED FROM A LIFE OF SIN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A movement to suppress the hundreds of dives and dance houses in the Vermillion Iron country, Minn., has been inaugurated, to the consternation of the tough element of that section. Two weeks ago Carrie Swenson, a prepossessing young girl, coming from Chaska, Carver county, escaped from one of the numerous dens near Ely. She took to the woods to elude a party of men sent out to recapture her, and after much hardship and privation reached Tower, that state, more dead than alive.

### THE VICTIM WAS ASLEEP.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Taylor Carey, a patient in the Freedman's Hospital, Washington, D. C. shot and killed his brother Isaac Carey, a patient in the hospital, on the 28th ult. The victim was sleeping on a cot at the time. No motive is assigned for the deed.

If you are travelling by rail, you cannot make the dull journey more pleasantly than by reading the backs of *Police Gazette* series. Send 2c. for a catalogue.



"Let me see thee caper," says Sir Toby to Sir Andrew in the play.

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# EXTRA!

## THEY WILL FIGHT

Kilrain and Sullivan Agree to Battle for \$20,000 and the 'Police Gazette' Diamond Belt, Representing the Championship of the World.

### FINALLY ARRANGED.

The Battle to Take Place July 8, 1889.

### NO WRANGLING.

Sullivan and Kilrain's Representative Readily Come to an Understanding.

### THE ARTICLES SIGNED.

Both of the Men Mean Business.

### NO BLUFFING ON EITHER SIDE.

The Battle Ground to be Near New Orleans.

### TO CHOOSE THE REFEREE AT THE RING SIDE.

The Stakeholder to be Selected When the Final Deposit is Made.

[SPECIAL TO THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

TORONTO, Jan. 7, 1889.

John L. Sullivan and his backers met the representatives of Jake Kilrain at Toronto to-day, and articles of agreement were entered into binding Sullivan and Kilrain to fight for \$20,000 and the championship. They will enter the ring between the hours of 8 A. M. and 12 o'clock noon, Monday, July 8. The battle will take place near New Orleans. An attempt by the police to arrest the party in the Rossin House was frustrated by Champion Oarsman O'Connor, who gave the alarm and aided them to escape.

The articles of agreement were signed after a discussion of two hours in the Rossin House.

There was no wrangling or disagreement of note during the session. The big fellow from Boston and his friends arrived at 11:50, or an hour and three-quarters behind the time they were due. They had, however, wired Kilrain's representatives from Hamilton that they were on their way and would reach Toronto about noon. Sullivan was the first to alight from the train and, in company with his friends, Charley Johnston, Jim Wakeley, Phil Lynch, W. H. Germaine, of New York; Dan Murphy and Jack Barnett, of Boston, immediately set out on foot for the Rossin House. A big crowd had assembled at the depot, and there was a general desire to get a glimpse of Boston's famous pugilist. He wore a dark blue overcoat trimmed with fur, a black cutaway undercoat, striped trousers and a black derby hat. It was evident to those who had seen him on his two previous visits here that he was greatly changed man. He looked pale and haggard, which his friends accounted for by the long railway journey from Boston.

In the rotunda of the hotel Sullivan's party ran across W. E. Harding, and after a whispered conversation everybody retired to a room which had been engaged for the conference. Parson Davies was already there and exchanged pleasant greetings with the new arrivals. Sullivan threw off his coat and lit a cigar.

He was very reticent while the party discussed the object of the meeting. Both sides seemed to fear police interference and that it was necessary for their safety to proceed cautiously. In fact the Sullivan party were so apprehensive of trouble that they suggested that some other place be selected for the meeting. Kilrain's representatives would not give into this suggestion, declaring that they had waited nearly an hour for the other party to put in an appearance and would not concede anything further.

"Well, we are here for business. Let us then go to work at once," remarked Charley Johnston.

"We are ready, too," replied the "Parson." Jim Wakeley here put in the suggestion that only the principals be allowed at the meeting, and it met with ready approval from both sides. It was just 12:05 o'clock when the conference began, both sides having their representatives. Kilrain's interests were looked after by W. E. Harding, who held a power of attorney from L. B. Allen, "Parson" Davies and Ed Plummer, while Charley Johnston, W. H. Germaine and Sullivan himself attended to the latter's interests. The Sullivan party opened proceedings by inquiring if Kilrain's representatives had full power to act for him. Numerous documents were produced showing their authority.

Charley Johnston, after some discussion, agreed that the fight should be for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt. His man, he said, would not think of entering the ring in less than six months' time, and after a half-hearted opposition Kilrain's party consented to the proposition.

"Where do you want to fight?" asked Kilrain's friends.

"Anywhere we are assured of protection. Name some place," was Charley Johnston's reply.

"How would El Paso, Tex., or Cheyenne, Wyo., suit you?"

"They are too far away. What is the matter with New Orleans? We can fight there without being molested."

"Parson" Davies suggested Green River, whereupon Sullivan said: "That is in Colorado, and we can't fight there." Johnston again urged New Orleans for the battle ground, and it was selected without further talk.

The time for making the next deposit was easily settled, but the appointment of a stakeholder and a referee caused a long discussion. Charley Johnston wanted to have the referee agreed on at the ringside.

"There will be any number of good men there who can fill the position," he said. The Kilrain party eventually agreed with him. John Scannell, of New York, was then proposed for final stakeholder by the Kilrain party. He was not acceptable to Sullivan, and the latter said so. Johnston then proposed George Engeman, the Brighton Beach and Clifton race tracks owner. Harding and Davies made some slight objections. Then Kelly & Bliss, bookmakers, were named by the Kilrain men, and Sullivan got back by proposing the Dwyer Brothers. To the latter Kilrain's friends said they had no objection, but they probably would not act.

Thus the discussion went on for some time, when it was finally decided to select the stakeholder when the final deposit is made. There was nothing now to be done but sign articles. The signatures had just been made when O'Connor, the oarsman, rushed excitedly into the room and informed the party that the police were coming upstairs to arrest them. A rush was made for the door. Sullivan and Johnston got out of the building by a private entrance, took a hack and drove to the railway station. Jim Wakeley, Phil Lynch, Jack Barnett, Dan Murphy and Parson Davies took matters more coolly, but lost no time in also getting to the depot, and the whole party got off for Buffalo at 2:50 o'clock.

Boston, Jan. 7.

Sullivan's friends here are more than pleased with the result of the Toronto meeting. They are especially pleased with the time selected for the fight. They had feared that the question of the time would bring about a long wrangle and possibly prevent a fight, particularly as Sullivan was determined to fight in not less than six months. Even six months of training, some think, is not enough to bring him into perfect condition. The selection of the scene of the fight is also satisfactory, and in fact there is nothing in the terms of the agreement to which the Sullivan contingent here object. As to the result of the fight they have no doubt, and assert that only John's careful training is necessary to make him a sure winner. Recently Sullivan has behaved himself and the prospects are good for his being in his old-time fighting trim when he steps into the ring. As Charlie Mitchell will probably have a good deal to say as to the method, Kilrain shall probably adopt against Sullivan, some people think a repetition of Mitchell's Chantilly method will be seen.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 7.

Sullivan and Kilrain will have no trouble in selecting a convenient point within 200 miles of this city for their prize fight. On the contrary, it is not unlikely that they could secure a small bonus from any number of localities. The Trinity Herald, published in Catahoula parish, this State, has already begun to advocate the claims of that section for the mill. Catahoula, however, has several drawbacks. Nothing but a very strong Sheriff's posse, and a well-armed one at that, will prevent a fight.

The proposed fight between Jake Kilrain and John L. Sullivan has been talked of for months. Something of a stir was caused in the sporting world by a rumor on Aug. 30 that a syndicate proposed to back John L. Sullivan for either \$10,000 or \$20,000, and that if a match was arranged Jack Dempsey was to take John in hand in order to look after him before and during the fight.

After this the main topic in sporting circles, both in this country and Canada, was the proposed fight encounter between Jake Kilrain, the champion of the world and holder of the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which represents the heavy-weight championship, and John L. Sullivan, the ex-champion of America.

Matters were rendered in statu quo by the announcement on Sept. 30 that the ex-champion, whom they had proposed to match against Jake Kilrain, lay tossing and moaning on a bed of pain at the Orient Cottage, Crescent Beach, near Boston, with gastric fever. This, for the time, did away with Sullivan.

On Aug. 13, 1888, Kilrain's backer had deposited \$5,000 in the Herald office, Paris. This sum was still on deposit there and the limit time (Sept. 30) was drawing near. On Friday, Sept. 28, a syndicate composed of sporting men covered the \$5,000 there deposited to match an unknown against Kilrain for the championship of the world and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt. It created considerable excitement, and the question was asked many times a day in all kinds of sporting resorts who the man could be who was to try our invincible Jake. Joe Lannon, the South Boston pugilist, and Pat Killen, the Westerner, were considered the most likely candidates for championship honors, but the identity of the individual still remained unknown to the public.

Kilrain's backer, who did not propose to be bluffed by any unknown, determined to bring the match to a speedy issue, and for this purpose deposited on Oct. 1 \$2,500 in the Sporting Life, London, and \$2,500 with the New York Clipper, in addition to the \$5,000 in the Paris office of the New York Herald, making a total on deposit of \$10,000, and also stating that the stakes could be increased to \$20,000. Kilrain, who had been stopping at New Bedford, came to New York, ready and willing to make a match at any moment.

The question of color came up in regard to the unknown, and Kilrain said: "It is not customary in this country for white men to fight colored men for the championship, but I will fight any man, no matter who he is, and at any place agreed upon."

Mr. Al Smith, the well-known sporting man and referee of many pugilistic battles, said: "What difference does it make who Kilrain is to meet? He is the champion, and able, in my opinion, to defeat the best man the world can produce."

In reference to the proposed contest between Jake Kilrain and the unknown backed by a syndicate, on behalf of the "Police Gazette" champion it may be said that the champion and his backer have been placed in a false light before the sporting public. It was publicly announced that neither Kilrain nor his backer proposed or even intended to raise any technical point that might cause a hitch in the proposed match between the champion and the unknown for \$10,000, the championship of the world and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt. Our champion insisted on the match being either ratified or claim \$5,000 forfeit posted to cover his backer's money. The unknown's party squealed, and the "Police Gazette" champion's backer resolved to take them at the amount they covered, viz., \$5,000, and end further controversy.

A cable was sent to make the match for \$5,000 a side and the championship, and Kilrain notified the syndicate that he would meet them at the Clipper office and sign articles. A previous meeting had been arranged at P. J. Sharkey's sporting house, at Thirteenth street and Fourth avenue, on Oct. 6, but the syndicate failed to put in an appearance. Another meeting between the "Police Gazette" champion's representatives and those of the unknown was arranged for October 8, but mutually postponed until the 9th, when both parties met at the Clipper office and the following conditions were agreed to:

The battle to be fought in February; the stakes to be \$5,000 a side; the New York Herald to be the final stakeholder, and the stakes to remain in Paris with the stakeholder until won or lost by either; the contest to be for the championship of the world; the battle ground to be tossed for, and the party winning to name the place of meeting ten or twenty days before the date fixed for the men to meet, and then the unknown to be named; the referee to be selected at the ring side; both men to be in the ring between the hours of 8 A. M. and 10 A. M.

Mr. James Keenan was telegraphed for and arrived in New York Tuesday, Oct. 16, and together with Mr. Frank Stevenson, the champion, Jake Kilrain; Mr. Wm. E. Harding and Mr. H. F. Watson, met the unknown's representatives at noon on Tuesday, at a downtown resort, when Mr. Keenan, on behalf of the "Police Gazette" champion, made the following proposition: That Kilrain's representatives go to any selected place and sign articles for the championship battle, provided that at the signing of the articles the unknown be named, and the referee and battle ground agreed upon. This proposition was discussed by the syndicate's representatives in private, when they finally came to Mr. Keenan and told him that they would agree to his proposition, and thereupon named the place of meeting for the signing of articles, the same to be at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, Can., on Wednesday, at 12 o'clock, noon.

The meeting was held, but nothing definite was done, and thus the matter remained until the present meeting at Toronto, with the result stated.

### A WOMAN SENTENCED.

When Mrs. Jennie Crane, famous in local history as "the pockmarked woman," was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary for robbery at Chicago, recently, she fell upon the floor in a faint. She had pleaded guilty to one of the nineteen indictments against her, and expected to get off with six months. Mrs. Crane boarded at a respectable private house on the West Side and was supposed to be an estimable widow with a considerable fortune. All last fall, winter and spring the police were scouring the city for a clever thief whom they called "the pockmarked woman," and who robbed houses to which she gained entrance as a servant. Her identity might have remained a secret if Mrs. Crane had not fallen in love with a young lawyer, quarrelled with him and tried to shoot him. She was arrested for the shooting and while in prison was recognized as "the pockmarked woman."

### JAMES OWEN O'CONNOR IN BOSTON.

James Owen O'Connor, the inimitable, unparalleled, unapproachable tragedian, wasn't given any show at the Howard Athenaeum at Boston on New Year's night. The audience wouldn't listen to a single word, and James had scarcely got the first word of Hamlet's soliloquy out of his mouth, "Now I am alone," when they were given the lie direct by the arrival of a big cabbage that came spinning down from the gallery and fell at his feet. James smiled a smile of sickly deprecation and went on: "Oh, what a rough and peasant slave am I!" when the cat-calls and yells completely drowned his voice.

"Take a sneak!"

"Low ball!"

"Take your corner!"

"Soak your head!"

"Get on to yourself" and countless other bits of encouragement, including a second cabbage, came floating down from the gallery. But James went on undisturbed.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.

### Little Tich.

Little Tich, the wonderful eccentric dancer, is an Englishman by birth. His real name is Harry Ralph. He made his American debut at Tony Pastor's, and is now a marked feature of the "Crystal Slipper" Company. Little Tich is quite a skilful performer on the cello, and indulges his taste for that big instrument in private in his moments of leisure.

### Minna Gale.

Minna Gale, the leading lady in the Booth and Barrett combination, whose face graces our columns this week, has been especially associated with such roles as Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet," Portia in "Merchant of Venice," Fiordelisa in "Fool's Revenge," and the entire repertoire of Mr. Barrett. Miss Gale is a lady of pleasing personality and decided artistic promise.

### John P. Ellington.

In the summer of 1887 John P. Ellington, a young man twenty years old, says a recent special from Roanoke, Va., came to this city and went into the grocery business on Norfolk avenue, near the Palace Hotel. He sold out to Mr. Scott on Nov. 17 last and drove away from the city in a dog-cart, stating that he was going by this means to Leesville, N. C. Yesterday he was arrested in that place at the instance of Capt. Geo. McH. Gish, of this city, on the charge of seducing Susie Ayres, who lives with her parents on Rutherford street (Seventh avenue) Northeast. Ellington was conveyed to the Wentworth, North Carolina, jail, while Capt. Gish went to Richmond to get Gov. Lee to apply for a requisition from Gov. Sayles, of North Carolina, for his extradition to this city.

### TERESSA MASON'S MOURNFUL END.

In a second story room of a tenement in East Seventh street, St. Paul, Minn., a costly coffin rested a few days ago. It contained the body of a young woman, whose name inscribed on the silver plate was Teresa Camilla Mason, aged twenty-four. The story of the girl's life and death is a remarkably sad one, as told by her sister, who sat weeping at the coffin's side.

Miss Mason was the youngest daughter of the late John Mason, a prominent and wealthy citizen of Toronto, Ont., and her death resulted from pulmonary consumption, hastened by want. Reared in wealth and luxury, the petted child of indulgent parents and one of the belles of Toronto, her life promised to be fraught with happiness and sunshine. She eloped with James Anderson, a wild young man, whose attentions were violently opposed by her parents. After her marriage with this man she was disinherited, disowned and cast adrift. Anderson proved a worthless fellow, who gave most of his time to wine and cards. They went to Jamestown, D. T., where a baby boy came to them. At this juncture the husband deserted the unhappy girl, who was cared for by kind Jamestown people and when well enough to travel was presented with a ticket to St. Paul.

In this city she secured work as a seamstress and eked out a livelihood for herself and child for a time, but her frail constitution was a mark for consumption, and she took to her bed in the dark and dreary room in which she died. She suffered the pangs of hunger and disease, and only the near approach of death broke her proud spirit and induced her to apply for public succor. Half an hour before she passed away she exacted from her sister a promise that her body should be removed to Ontario and buried beside her father.

### SHE WATCHED AT THE KEYHOLE.

Mrs. Kate Leverson and her nine-year-old son were in Judge Tuley's court, at Chicago, recently. The woman cried, and the boy clung to her faded dress and cried too. Judge Tuley turned away his head so as not to be influenced by the scene.

Mrs. Leverson lives in New York, and her husband's stage name is Alfred C. Whelan, and he takes a part in A. W. Tillotson's "Zig-Zag." He sued his wife for divorce a couple of months ago, charging her with having hit him on the head with a club. Subsequently he amended his petition, accusing her of unfaithfulness. Mrs. Leverson had him arrested in New York for abandonment, and he signed a contract to give her \$15 a week.

Manager Tillotson guaranteed the payment of the money, which the wife received regularly until a few weeks ago. She then came to Chicago and filed an answer to his complaint, in which she charges that his bill was filed for the purpose of getting rid of her, because he has conceived an infatuation for Alice Vane, the mother of Fay Templeton, of Rice's "Corsair" company.

Mrs. Leverson says while he was stopping at a New York hotel she watched him through the keyhole of Mrs. Vane's room. She taxed him with infidelity, but he denied the charge. She then struck him on the head with a shoe, and not with a club, as he claims. Leverson sent an affidavit stating that, as he had already agreed to pay his wife \$15 per week, he did not think he ought to be compelled to pay her more. He also reiterated his charges against her.

Mrs. Leverson's lawyer said that the charge was false. The Court ordered Leverson to pay his wife \$15 per week and \$100 solicitor's expenses. Leverson's lawyer said that he expected to dismiss the actor's bill, and the wife's lawyer said that if that were done Mrs. Leverson would sue him for divorce in New York, charging him with undue intimacy with Alice Vane.

### A MINER'S SHOCKING FATE.

H. J. Herrin arrived at Helena, M. T., Monday from Lincoln Gulch, a point sixty miles from Helena, and brings a story of a ghastly discovery there last Friday. On that day Gus Lavalle and Chris Strauss, two miners, went up the gulch to visit James Robinson, who had been missing for three weeks. The men found a skeleton lying in a bed in a cabin. It was concluded that as Robinson was known to be addicted to the use of opium, he had taken an overdose and died. Tracks of mountain lions showed that the wild beasts had discovered the unfortunate's corpse and feasted themselves on human flesh, leaving nothing but the bare bones.

No gambler can take advantage of you, but you can take advantage of a good many gamblers if you will consult the POLICE GAZETTE list of sporting books, which can be obtained for 2 cent stamp by addressing Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square, N. Y.





LITTLE TICH,  
THE EOCENTRIC DANCER, PLAYING THE VIOLINCELLO, HIS FAVORITE AMUSEMENT.



SHE WEARS PANTS.  
MISS EMELINE PRESCOTT ENTERTAINING NEW YEAR CALLERS BY SHOWING THE  
WARDROBE WHICH HAS MADE HER FAMOUS IN HALLOWELL, ME.



A MURDERER'S BRUTALITY.  
GEORGE MATCELLO THROWS MRS. JOHN DUBOSH DOWN A STAIRWAY NEAR UNION-  
TOWN, PA., DISLOCATING HER NECK BEFORE SLAYING HER.



MINNA GALE,  
THE TALENTED LEADING LADY OF THE BOOTH AND BARRETT COMPANY.

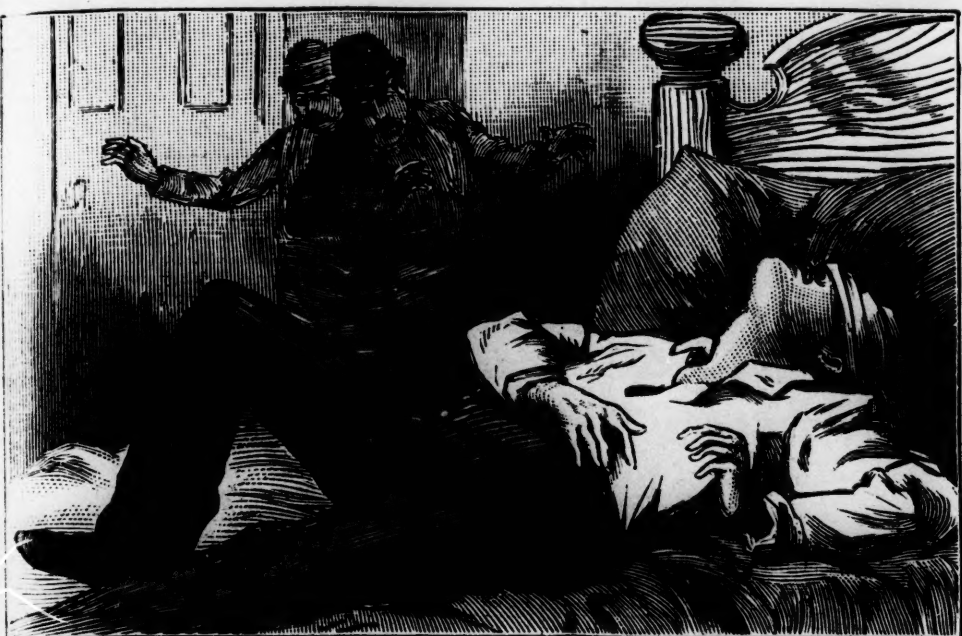


THE BABY BURNED UP.  
TWO CHILDREN SET FIRE TO A CHRISTMAS TREE DURING THEIR MOTHER'S ABSENCE  
AT NEWARK, N. J., CAUSING A FATAL ACCIDENT.



SHE DIDN'T CARE FOR HIS COMPANY.  
ASSAULT ON A PRETTY CHORUS GIRL AT NEW HAVEN, CONN., BY A DUDE WHO  
WAS AWFULLY MASHED ON HER.





FOUND DEAD IN HIS BED.

THE MYSTERIOUS SUICIDE OF ROBERT HULL OF ROANOKE, VA., IN HIS ROOM AT THE HOTEL NORVELL-ARLINGTON, LYNCHBURG, VA.



THE "PURP" WAS DONE FOR.

A FIERCE COMBAT BETWEEN A RACCOON AND BULL DOG PATSY, NEAR GREEN-POINT, N. Y., ENDS IN FAVOR OF THE COON.



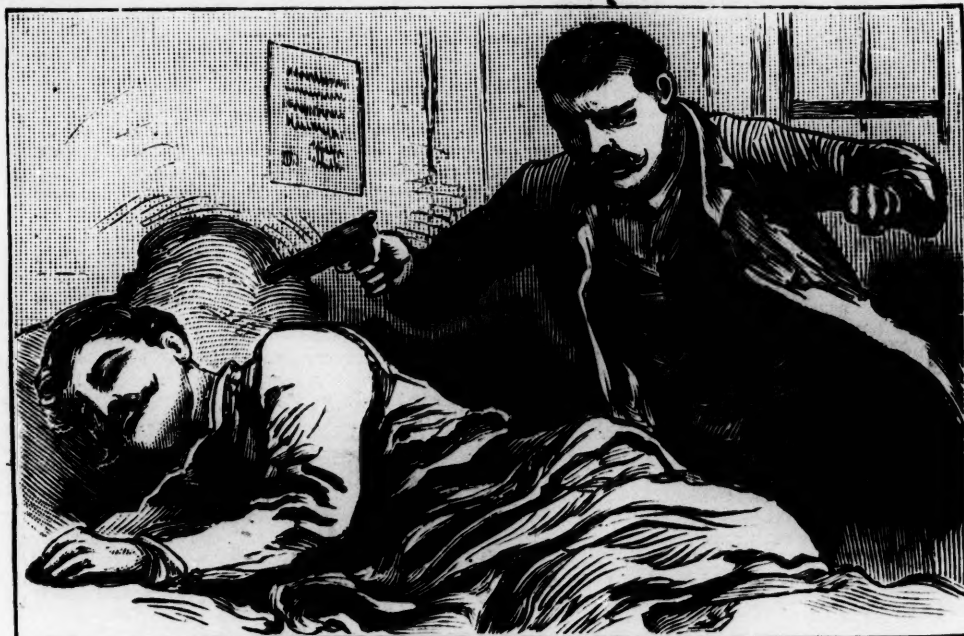
PANIC AT A CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

THE FLOOR SINKS DURING A CELEBRATION IN THE LUTHERAN CHURCH AT STOUGHTOWN, PA., INJURING FIVE PERSONS.



MIMIC TRAGEDY MADE REAL.

WALTER WEBB ONE OF THE ACTORS IN AN AMATEUR DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE NEAR HARRISONVILLE, MO., FATALLY STABS HIMSELF.



THE VICTIM WAS ASLEEP.

THE COWARDLY AND FIENDISH MURDER OF ISAAC CAREY, BY HIS BROTHER TAYLOR CAREY, IN THE FREEDMAN'S HOSPITAL, WASHINGTON, D. C.



JOHN P. ELLINGTON,

RECENTLY ARRESTED AT ROANOKE, VA., CHARGED WITH THE SEDUCTION OF PRETTY SUSIE AYERS.



SUSIE AYERS,

ONE OF THE PRINCIPALS IN THE SPICY ELLINGTON-AYERS SCANDAL AT ROANOKE, VA.



REV. FRED BELL,

WHO CHOKED ONE OF HIS PARISHIONERS AT CLEVELAND, OHIO, FOR CALLING HIM A FRAUD.



# GUMBO, WITH SPICY TRIMMINGS.

Mr. Tubby's Wager--Sealskins  
at a Discount.

AMELIE'S LATEST.

His Mother-in-Law and Her Cousin--  
A College Suicide.

THE DYNAMITE CURE FOR JIM-JAMS.

There is a great deal of romance associated with fox hunting. It is a picturesque sport, and an exciting one. Not the least attractive part of it is the pack of hounds, whose bell-mouthed baying has inspired poets to song more than once. But the romance of the fox hunt and its reality are two entirely different things, as people who have any occasion to associate intimately with them are fated to find out.

I see by the papers, for instance, that a cuffed pusion who undertook to assassinate a South Carolina planter and his family the other day has been nearly eaten up by the fox hounds belonging to his intended victim. He was lucky to get off with his life, as a certain young member of a fashionable Long Island hunt club could assure him if he chose.

The fact is that when his temper is up the fox hound is about as safe and docile a pet as a raging lion would be. The only thing he is known to be unable to rip to pieces when he is in the humor is an anchor or a red hot stove.

One night, just before the close of the hunting sea-



"TUBBY IN HIS DRESS SUIT BOLTED IN THE KENNEL."

son, a jolly party was assembled after dinner at the house of a huntsman who owns one of the finest establishments on Long Island. The wines had been freely sampled and everyone was talkative. The hounds in their kennel outside bayed now and then and their sonorous voices penetrated to the dining room.

One of the company was a wealthy young New Yorker who is more famous for the amount of hunt talk he gets off than for his skill as a huntsman or his intrepidity in following the hounds across country. He was boasting of his knowledge of dogs and his ability to handle them in his usual vein, when someone who had got tired of a long course of similar vainglory on his part remarked:

"I'll go you a case of fizz, Tubby, that you daren't talk he gets off than for his skill as a huntsman or his intrepidity in following the hounds across country."

Tubby, who already had the better part of a basket of champagne under his vest, promptly accepted the wager.

"I'll go in, walk around and walk out again," said he. "Done," said his friend.

The party adjourned to the yard, and a huntsman was called to open the kennel. The pack, which had scented some stray fox on the night air, was frantic, and the huntsman solemnly warned the venturesome Tubby against his experiment. But every one was too far gone to give heed to such croakings, and Tubby, in his dress suit, bolted into the kennel.

The dogs were hungry and Tubby would have made a light supper for them. Fortunately for him, the huntsman had anticipated trouble, and the moment the pack pounced on him jumped in among them with his whip. When Tubby was rescued all that was left of his dress suit was the waistband of his trousers, and he is not out of bed yet.

Moral: Don't fool with a fox hound unless he has a muzzle on and you have a club in your hand.

While half the women in New York, at least, are famishing for sealskin sacks, there are droves of them



MR. DREW GOES A GUNNING.  
floating around in the harbor. One of them Mr. R.

Drew, of South Brooklyn, succeeded in capturing for himself last week.

Mr. Drew was taking his morning constitutional in a South Brooklyn ship yard when he noticed something that did not look like a fish or a dead dog in the water. Being a man of great decision of character, Mr. Drew determined to find out for himself exactly what the oddity was.

He armed himself with a gun from his house, got into a skiff, and landed a load of duckshot into the object's cranium. The victim of his unerring aim proved to be a seal, which was enjoying its morning nap upon a log.

Mrs. R. Drew, of South Brooklyn, will sport one of the handsomest dolmans in the City of Churches next year, and Mr. R. Drew will never tire of telling what funny things a man may see if he has his gun handy.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the Poetess of Passion, used to enjoy the reputation of being the best advertised literary woman in America, but Amelie Rives has now captured the palm from her and holds it as her own. It is a very cold day, indeed, when the fair Amelie does not get her name in the papers. The present winter, on this basis, must be a decidedly warm and open one for her.

Her latest sensation has been a ride around the



AMELIE RIVES' LATEST HOBBY.

country in an ox-cart, dispensing charity in the shape of blankets, clothes and plug tobacco to the colored denizens of the district of Virginia in which her home is situated.

There is, of course, no reason why a lady, young or old, married or single, lovely or ill-favored, should not ride in an ox-cart if she chooses. It is certainly no more inconvenient than to ride in the average New York street-car when it is crowded. Still, there are objections to it on several grounds.

In the first place, an ox-cart is slow. Next it is jostly, and finally it is uncomfortable. However, as the authoress of "The Quick or the Dead" is old enough to know what she wants, if she chooses to set out on her missions of mercy on an ox-cart it is no one's business but her own.

A vivid description of this picturesque journey might, by the way, be profitably introduced by the fair authoress in the famous romance which she is now writing, and which will, it is promised us, render, by comparison, "The Quick or the Dead" as frigid and lifeless as a block of ice on a midwinter day.

There is a very unhappy man in Boston just now. His name is Gimpson, and he has been proven guilty of the heinous offense of flirting with his own mother-in-law. The fact that he did it by accident is no palliation of his crime, and if he is sent up for life he will get no more than his deserts.

It appears that Gimpson, who skips a counter in some Washington street store, a couple of months ago encountered on the street a young miss of 16, who devotes her daytime to service in a feather foundry in the immediate vicinity of his place of employment.

A mutual regard sprang up between them, which ended in forty-eight hours by their getting married and going to live in a boarding house. In his amorous ardor Gimpson had made no inquiries as to his wife's family, and probably never gave a thought as to whether she had a family at all.

Once Mrs. Gimpson was his only own, Gimpson



HE FLIRTED WITH HIS OWN MOTHER-IN-LAW.

commenced to wonder what there was about her to so fascinate him after all, and the termination of his debate was that, in a couple of weeks, he was bestowing his volatile attentions on every pretty face he could find to bestow them upon.

One afternoon there entered his store a bewitching widow of about thirty-five, whose beauty immediately inflamed his susceptible heart. They were in the heat of a first-class flirtation over the calico counter, when Mrs. Gimpson entered and observed the progress of events with interested attention.

Finally she gave a wild screech. "Why, it is mamma!" she screamed, and the bewitching widow turned red under her veil and Gimpson commenced to wilt into his shoes.

A divorce in the Gimpson family will be next in order, and Boston is curious to learn whether Gimpson's mother-in-law will figure in it as a co-respondent.

Quite as curious things have happened already in Boston and elsewhere.

Speaking of flirtations, there is a Providence woman who will be a little more careful as to how she conducts hers in the future than she has been in the past. This lady is of a gay and frivolous temperament. Her husband is of a grave and business-like demeanor, and both are prominent church-goers. Whether the

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lady has imbibed much benefit from the lessons of her pastor may be inferred from facts.

While her husband was commercially engaged, she



HE OBJECTED TO HER ENTERTAINING HER "COUSIN CHARLEY."

was in the practice of shopping, calling on friends, and otherwise whiling the weary hours away. As it is highly improper in New England for a lady to travel about without a male escort, she was always accompanied by some young gentleman, whom she invariably introduced as her cousin. As she changed escorts about four times a month, an impression got abroad that she belonged to a very numerous and prolific family.

Her latest cousin was a real sweet young man, whom she introduced as Cousin Charley. She had taken Cousin Charley into a restaurant last week to lunch at her expense previous to a visit to a matinee, also at her expense, and they were toying with a bird and some extra dry when in stalked her husband, in company with a business visitor from Boston, whom he was entertaining.

At sight of the husband, Cousin Charley evinced an instantaneous and violent desire to subside under the table. His fair hostess, however, did not lose her self-possession. She beamed amiably in her husband's bewildered face and said:

"How nice for you to come just now, dearie. I met my cousin Charley in the street and—"

"Your who?" cried the husband.

"My cousin Charley," was the cool reply.

"Your cousin Charley?" repeated the husband. "Oh, Bones! Why, that chap is Hank Mitchell, my entry clerk. You scoundrel, what are you doing away from the store!"

Cousin Charley did not wait to reply in detail. As may be imagined, the domestic barometer in one Providence household is away below zero.

Oberlin College is about the quietest and most piously proper collegiate institution in the world.



SENSATION IN OBERLIN COLLEGE.

While Harvard revels and Yale frolics; while Princeton sports and Columbia paints the town red, Oberlin goes on her sober way in a fashion to make Ohio proud of her.

For the first time in her history the college is now enjoying a real sensation.

Its name was Miss Mary B. Sherman, and she was a member of the freshman or freshman class. She came from Wakarusa, Ohio, and was a pretty girl, with plenty of style about her and a liberal allowance of brains. In her class she was a leader and in her social circle a belle.

The amazement of Oberlin may be imagined, therefore, when one afternoon she got up from lunch at her boarding house, pulled a revolver from her pocket, and deliberately blew her brains out.

Overstudy was given as the cause of her rash act, but, of course, the gossips hint at a disappointment in love.

On the subject of suicide, the exploit of Louis Lingg, the condemned anarchist, in blowing his head



THE HEAD OF THE BIBULOUS PROSPECTOR WAS LODGED IN THE CROTCH OF A TREE.

to pieces with a dynamite cap in the Chicago jail has been more than paralleled in Colorado.

One of a party of prospectors who had been drinking hard in camp for some weeks, until he had commenced

to see things in the air that were not there, got up one morning, and, while breakfast was being cooked, walked away from camp. As he departed he said:

"If I don't get back for grub, boys, you needn't save me any."

Ten minutes later the noise of a loud explosion startled the camp. A rush was made in the direction from which the sound proceeded, and fragments of flesh, clothing and bone were found scattered about. The head of the bibulous prospector was lodged in the notch of a tree, where his horror-stricken comrades discovered it.

The man had, to all appearances, put a dynamite cartridge of the largest size, such as they used in blasting their prospect lodes, into a hollow log, lighted it and sat down to be blown up.

Next to killing yourself, the problem of keeping yourself alive forever ought to be the most interesting to society. There is a crank in Maine who claims to have discovered an infallible method.

His plan is to eat nothing but pork and beans and drink nothing but hard cider.

If this diet does not kill the person who indulges in it, it should, certainly, be a difficult job for Father Time to eat him down. A man tough enough to endure a steady course of pork and beans and hard cider would be tough enough to blurt the edge of Death's scythe every time.

HI FLYER.

## SHE GAVE UP THE STAGE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The New York Star a few days ago published a very interesting story regarding the pretty wife of a well-known Utica (N. Y.) physician, Dr. Arthur Lee. Four years ago Kitty Price was one of the belles of Utica, and a brilliant amateur actress as well as a vocalist of marked ability. She was a beautiful blonde, well proportioned, and was bent on going on the stage. But Dr. Lee fell in love with her, and they were married. She still continued to take part in amateur theatricals, but it was supposed that she had given up all idea of becoming a professional. For four years she was a devoted wife, but the old longing for the stage finally took such a hold upon her, that last September she suddenly left her husband's house and disappeared. Utica society was shocked when it was learned that she intended to become a professional actress.

Dr. Lee loved his wife too well to let her get away from him without an effort to get her back. He made trips to many cities in search of her, but did not meet with any success until he came to New York. He spent several days and nights in visiting hotels and theatres. Finally the Doctor's efforts were rewarded. He met his wife at a dramatic agency where she was negotiating for a position. Mrs. Lee wanted her husband to compromise by letting her play on the stage for a season, and then she came down to three weeks, but he pleaded her mother's sorrow, his loneliness and love, and lastly, that Christmas was here, and it would be too bad to have her absent at that time. The doctor prevailed, and by this time the weeping and repentant wife flung her arms about his neck and agreed to go home and give up the stage. They left that night for home.

## A PUGILISTIC PREACHER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A scene unparalleled in Columbus church history, occurred last Wednesday evening in Rev. Fred Bell's church, corner of Gay and Third streets, the affair being an outgrowth of the trouble that, like a dark cloud, has crept over that congregation, and threatens a storm disastrous to its prosperity, says the Columbus, Ohio, Dispatch of December 23. The Dispatch then goes on to relate at some length how Pastor Bell assaulted a member of his congregation named J. A. Flinn. Pastor Bell is prosecuting a divorce suit, it seems. The Dispatch continues:

"The discipline of the Disciples' Church does not permit or countenance divorces on legal grounds, only from the scriptural standpoint, to wit: adultery, and the church is not divided on this point. While in conversation with Mr. Shupe and others, Rev. Mr. Bell came up and addressed himself to Mr. Flinn. Just before he came up Mr. Flinn said, 'The board of officers are cowards,' having reference to their intimidation by Rev. Mr. Bell.

"When Mr. Bell came up he said something that led Mr. Flinn to make the following statement: 'Fred Bell, I'll not call you Brother Bell, but Fred Bell; I know you well; I have the documentary evidence in my pocket, and a living witness, now in Columbus, that you are a first class fraud.' This was well calculated," Mr. Flinn states, "to excite Mr. Bell, who then called me a liar several times and an old villain." He followed this up by choking Mr. Flinn."

## SHE DIDN'T CARE FOR HIS COMPANY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Viola Carnston, one of the pretty chorna girls who is singing with Rice and Dixey's "Pearl of Pekin" company, was assaulted at the stage door of the Hyperion Theatre after last night's performance, says a special to the New York Sun from New Haven, Conn., under date of Dec. 23. As the girls came out of the theatre two young men, Granville Russell, of Hartford, and H. S. Van Gigh, a New York drummer, stood a short distance from the entrance. When Miss Carnston appeared both men started toward her. For a moment she was embarrassed, but, accepting the offered arm of the Hartford man, started off. Van Gigh followed them, and, seizing Miss Carnston by the arm, exclaimed:

"Won't you walk home with me?"

"No, I shall not," was the reply. "I don't care for your company."

Seizing her by the throat Van Gigh said: "If you don't go with me you won't go with anybody else." At the same time he began to choke her. Miss Carnston was subsequently found lying on the sidewalk by a policeman where she had fallen in consequence of the assault upon her.

## FOUND DEAD IN HIS BED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Robert Hull, a well-known resident of Roanoke, Va., committed suicide by taking laudanum in the Norvell-Arlington Hotel at Lynchburg, that State, a few days ago. Deceased was not intemperate, had no financial embarrassments; in fact there is no assignable cause for the tragic act, except he was, according to the statement of a friend, subject to spells of dejection. He was unmarried, and perhaps thirty years of age.

If you will send a 2c. stamp for a catalogue of the POLICE GAZETTE publications you will be certain to find in it much of interest and value.



# FICKLE WOMAN.

A Lively Divorce Sensation  
in Chelsea, Mass.,  
Society.

## FRED BARRY'S TALE OF WOE.

He Wedded a Poor Girl and Gave  
Her All That Wealth  
Could Buy,

AND YET SHE IS NOT HAPPY.

"As dead as Chelsea" is an old saying, but the suburban city of Chelsea is now all alive with the gossip over the suit for divorce entered by Mrs. Fred W. Barry against her husband, and her attachment upon his property for \$20,000, says a late special from Boston.

No society event has taken place in Chelsea for several years without the presence of a Barry or a Bailey. Mrs. Barry was formerly a Bailey, and has always been prominent in society. Her husband is very wealthy and owns a large stock farm in Lexington, Mass.



"THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO ME AND THAT LITTLE GIRL THERE."

Mr. Barry was interviewed to-day at his place of business in regard to the charge brought by his wife of cruel treatment. He is a man about thirty-five years of age, of medium height, light complexion, with a large silky mustache, which he twists nervously when talking.

He is a wholesale and retail stationer at No. 108 Washington street, this city, and does a large and profitable business. Mr. Barry said that his domestic relations had not been pleasant, but he was disinclined to say anything against his wife. Turning suddenly in his chair he said:

"Old man, straws indicate a great deal sometimes. For instance, if you had some buttons off your coat, just four buttons, and asked your wife to sew them on; then, six weeks later, on a bitter cold night, you were to find that none of them were sewed on, what would you think?"

Without waiting for a reply, he hastily continued: "That's what happened to me, and that little girl there"—pointing to a very pretty and petite young lady clerk in his employ—"had to go out and purchase them, and a friend of my wife's, visiting at my home, sewed the buttons on, and said that it was a shame to treat me so. My wife left me of her own free will and not at my bidding. The report that I returned home one night, took out my watch and gave her just fifteen minutes to leave the house, without giving her any chance to take any clothing other than her night dress, is false."

"I have done everything in my power for that woman, and yet for the last five years my life has been a hell upon earth. I took her when she was a girl, living in one of the commonest streets of Boston, and

ideas? Why, when I kept company with her she had a satchel that at times when I took her to the theatre I was actually ashamed of. Now nothing is too good for her. I purchased a house for her in Chelsea for \$20,000, and fitted it up at a cost of \$15,000 more. I bought a house in Lexington for a country residence, where her parents lived all summer. She would say to me: 'I have asked so-and-so to visit us, and I would always say 'Yes.' She never invited any of my friends,



"THEY BROKE INTO THE HOUSE, SMASHING A WINDOW."

however, and those that I did take out she repeatedly snubbed. I bought her a family coach, the best saddle-horse that could be purchased in Kentucky, and when I took her into a West End harness shop and selected the side-saddle for her, she turned up her nose contemptuously and said that better ones could be bought uptown.

"Everything has been like that for five years. I have done everything for her; she has repaid me in no manner. I wanted a nice, cozy home, but I am a disappointed man. I will say nothing against her, but she has treated me shamefully. Young man, never get married. Take my advice and don't do it."

"Is marriage a failure?" was the question propounded by the reporter.

"Yes, most decidedly. They say that I threw my darling baby out of the second-story window. Oh, the wretches! Would any sane man do that? And do I look insane? Yet the story that I am insane has been told about me. I will give you \$500 if you can trace these rumors to the person who started them. I will give you \$500 if you find out for me the man who went to Bradstreet's and told them that I was insane. It is a most infamous attempt to ruin my business. I am constantly shadowed, and my every movement is noted. Private detectives follow my footsteps; did last night, this afternoon, and will to-night. I have some one with me constantly, that they might not tell lies about me."

"I am more faithful to my marriage vows than nine-tenths of the men in Boston. I don't dare drink now, for they say that I drink to excess. On Christmas I hitched up my two-horse team and carried around ten barrels of potatoes and ten barrels of apples, and the result is people say: 'Fred Barry is trying to gain public sympathy.' Last summer, when these people visited me at my country residence, they were only too happy when I promised them these gifts. Did I make a bonfire out of my wife's silk dresses and sealskin



"SHE TURNED UP HER NOSE CONTEMPTUOUSLY."

sack? Print that statement, and I will bring the sack forward to prove it. My wife and her brother, Oscar L. Bailey, waited until they saw me leave the house the day after she deserted me, and then they broke into the house, smashing a window, and took out a lot of dresses and jewelry, and a lot of jewelry that was mine and did not belong to her. I have a mind to get a

"Lots of people wonder where I got my money, and tell insinuating stories about the source of my wealth. Fifteen years ago I was working for \$1 a week. Now if I want anything I see I buy it. I am rich. I have been lucky in my speculations, having made big money in railroad stocks, and my store pays well."

At times Mr. Barry would become very much excited and talk incoherently; a second after he would be apparently as cool as zero weather, and declare that he cared not a snap for public opinion.

His last words were: "I am sorry that this suit has been entered, because it will bring so many respectable Chelsea families into it."

The parties on the wife's side of the case—those nearly related to her—were very reticent about the subject, and did not care to discuss it until it came up in the April term of the divorce court. The writ of divorce served upon Mr. Barry charges him with cruel and abusive treatment.

Oscar L. Bailey, her brother, is a successful business man, holding the position of junior member with the firm of Brainard, Pratt & Co., No. 18 Kingston street, dealer in woolen and worsted goods, and commission merchants.

He holds a prominent position in Chelsea society and is a leading spirit of the Review Club, the most prominent social club of Chelsea. He would neither affirm nor deny anything.

Mrs. Barry, who holds a commanding position in society, is a Swede by birth, and, so her husband states, is rather plain looking. He expects, now that her source of revenue is cut off, that she will "slump," for, as he says, "a not pretty woman suddenly deprived of her power to give dinners and hold receptions, cannot long maintain her lead in society."



SHADOWED BY DETECTIVES.

Mr. Barry promises to fight the suit to the last, in order to refute the charges against his character. He is prominent in city politics; is president of the Barnicoat Fire Association, and is a prominent member of the Review Club, where he recently "called" Mayor Mitchell down with some pretty tough language.

### A BURGLAR MURDERED HER HUSBAND.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Mrs. A. J. Stillwell, of Hannibal, Mo., was awakened a few nights ago by hearing her husband say: "Fannie, is that you? Fannie, is that you?"

Startled by her husband's strange question, Mrs. Stillwell partly arose, and just at that moment saw a man standing with his back to her, and at or near the foot of Mr. Stillwell's bed. A moment later she heard a whirring sound, as of something thrown violently through the air, followed by the noise of some one running down the stairway. She then ran to Mr. Stillwell's bed and found that he had been murdered.

Mrs. League, who lives just across the street, says that a little after 2 A. M. some one rang her door bell twice, and, upon looking out of the window, she saw Mrs. Stillwell in her nightdress and barefooted. "Oh," she exclaimed, "tell Will to come over to the house quick; some one has murdered Mr. Stillwell."

Mr. William League, accompanied by a young man in his employ, ran across the street and found Mr. Stillwell in a half kneeling position. The body was almost immersed in blood. Across the left ear and left side of the head there was a horrible gash, deep enough to penetrate the brain, and which had evidently been inflicted by some sharp instrument.

### HEROISM OF A SOCIETY BELLE.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

The people of Irvington, N. Y., had their New Year celebration disturbed by a skating accident, which resulted in the death of two boys, both sons of well-known residents of the neighborhood. Hamilton's pond, a sheet of water eight or ten acres in size and dangerously deep, was thought to have a sufficient thickness of ice to be bearing, and consequently a holiday crowd trooped to it. Skating was going on merrily about noon, when some rash youths ventured on an unsafe part of the ice. Their foolhardiness had the usual result. The ice broke, and they as well as others less deserving of a cold bath were plunged into the water.

If it had not been for the forethought of Howard S. Jaffray, the well-known yachtsman and man of business, and the presence of mind of his daughter, a serious accident, involving a large loss of life, could not well have been avoided. Miss Jaffray rushed for a life line, which her father had provided for emergencies of this kind, and her rare presence of mind was the means of saving all of those immersed, excepting two boys, Paul Cannon and Joseph Gibbons.

### HIS SIDE OF THE STORY.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

A satchel containing 400 love letters, which are fairly crammed with burning terms of endearment, is no small load for a lawyer of Mr. Abe Hummel's size to carry. He was freighted with just that number of sweet missives when he made his appearance in the Tomba Police Court a few days ago, to go on with the case of Mrs. Lotta Worthman against Lawyer George W. Colles, of Morristown, N. J., whom she accuses of having defrauded her of some \$8,000. The lawyer alleges it is a case of blackmail.

"She will be behind the bars instead of me before long," he muttered to one of his friends as he left the stand. He insists that he never received a penny from Mrs. Worthman since he formed her acquaintance—when she "entertained" him in a house on Thirty-second street in 1882. He had given her on an average

\$2,500 a year, and the dozen or more receipts for sums aggregating \$8,000 which she held of him had been acquired at the point of the pistol. Any further details of his connection with the fair Mrs. Worthman he refused to give, saying that he had all the notoriety he desired at present.

### A MURDERER'S BRUTALITY.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

George Mateello murdered Mrs. John Dubosh near Uniontown, Pa., on Sunday night. The most reliable account of the affair that can be gained indicates that the killing was the result of a drunken row. The parties were having a jubilation in honor of the christening of Mrs. Dubosh's child, born five days before. There were thirty-five or forty persons in attendance, and during the progress of the festivities Mateello, who was a boarder with the Duboshes, managed to inveigle the woman into a room on the upper floor of the house and attempted to assault her. She resisted strongly and escaped from him into the hallway. He overtook her at the head of the stairway, and struck her a heavy blow, she falling to the bottom of the stairs and dislocating her neck. Then in his drunken rage he leaped upon the prostrate body and trampled it horribly.

### PANIC AT A CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

The Union Sunday-school celebrated Christmas in the Lutheran Church at Stoughton, Pa., on Saturday night, and the building was crowded to its utmost capacity. Soon after the exercises began a loud crackling noise was heard, and an instant later the floor began to sink.

The scholars and others present became panic-stricken and made a rush for the windows and the doors. The men smashed out the window panes, and a number were seriously cut. A number of women and children were trampled upon in their efforts to escape.

### MIMIC TRAGEDY MADE REAL.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

There was a terrible ending on Friday night to the Christmas festivities at Austin, near Harrisonville, Mo. The Sabbath school gave a Christmas tree entertainment and the young people gave a dramatic performance to wind up the evening.

During the course of the performance the heavy villain died by his own hand. The part was taken by Walter Webb, a well-to-do young farmer, and when he made the supposed fatal blow he tripped and fell forward, the knife piercing his heart, and he died instantly.

### THE BABY BURNED UP.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Mrs. Mary Winter left two children, aged 2 and 10, in her home, 243 Livingston street, Newark, yesterday, while she went out to work. Late in the afternoon the elder child took a shovelful of hot coals from a stove and threw them on a Christmas tree. In an instant the house was afire. When the firemen arrived and carried the children out both were apparently dead. The elder one was only overcome by smoke and recovered, but the 2-year-old was burned badly and died soon.

### THEY ARE A BAD LOT.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

On another page is shown a half-page picture of Mary Jane Cawley's backwoods dive at Cookstown, N. J., which has recently been brought to public attention by the disappearance of its white mistress under circumstances that give the appearance of foul play. The patrons of the Cawley dive were both whites and blacks, and the picture presented may be said to be fairly representative of the scenes of debauchery which have been common in this rendezvous of sin.

### THE "PURP" WAS DONE FOR.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

For some days the pious residents of Laurel Hill, a suburb of Greenpoint, N. Y., had been stirred up by the announcement that there would be a sacred concert at a well-known garden opposite Calvary Cemetery on Sunday afternoon. The affair in question consisted of some scientific boxing and a fight between a bulldog named Patsy and a raccoon. The fight lasted one hour and thirty-seven minutes, ending in favor of the coon.

### "TOES TURNED IN."

Messrs. Casey Chapman and Waller Mason Draw \$2,500 in the November Drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery.

Upon hearing several days ago that Casey Chapman, of this place, had drawn \$2,500 in the November drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery, a reporter was immediately sent in search of Mr. Chapman, and upon asking as to its authority, was told the following:

"Yes, it is true that I held one-twentieth of ticket No. 78,577 in the November drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery, which drew the capital prize of \$15,000."

"Did any one 'stand in' with you?" was asked.

"Yes, Mr. Waller Mason and myself went in together, each sending \$1 and getting two one-twentieth tickets of different numbers," he replied.

"Have you received the money?"

"We have. The lucky ticket was forwarded by the Union County National Bank, and several days later we received a New York exchange for the full amount—\$2,500—without any deduction whatever, not even having to pay for the exchange."

"Have you ever invested in the lottery before, Mr. Chapman?"

"Yes, and have been remarkably lucky, too. I have gone into the lottery four different times—sending one dollar each time—and have drawn four prizes."

Mr. Chapman is well known in this community, and Mr. Waller Mason is one of our most prominent dry goods merchants. Both are in good financial circumstances.

Union county has seemingly been favored by The Louisiana State Lottery in a remarkable degree, \$11,000 having been drawn by one of her citizens several years ago, and numerous other prizes, aggregating, probably, between \$50,000 and \$75,000, having been distributed among her people.—*Morganfield (Ky.) Sun*, Nov. 30.

The POLICE GAZETTE library of sporting books is the finest collection of its kind in existence. It covers athletics, pugilism, card playing, chess, checkers, gymnastics, wrestling, dumble-balls and Indian clubs, and is an education in itself. Send 2 cent stamp to Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square, New York, and obtain a list.



HOW MRS. BARRY MASHED THE DUDES.

did everything for her, hoping that I would secure a good and faithful wife, but I have been disappointed. When I asked her to become my wife she may have had the necessities of life, but not the luxuries. And now where did she suddenly inherit her luxurious

search warrant and see how much of my stuff she got. She can keep the dresses.

Young men can learn to train themselves as well as any pugilist from "The American Athlete," published in the POLICE GAZETTE library, price 25 cents, by mail.

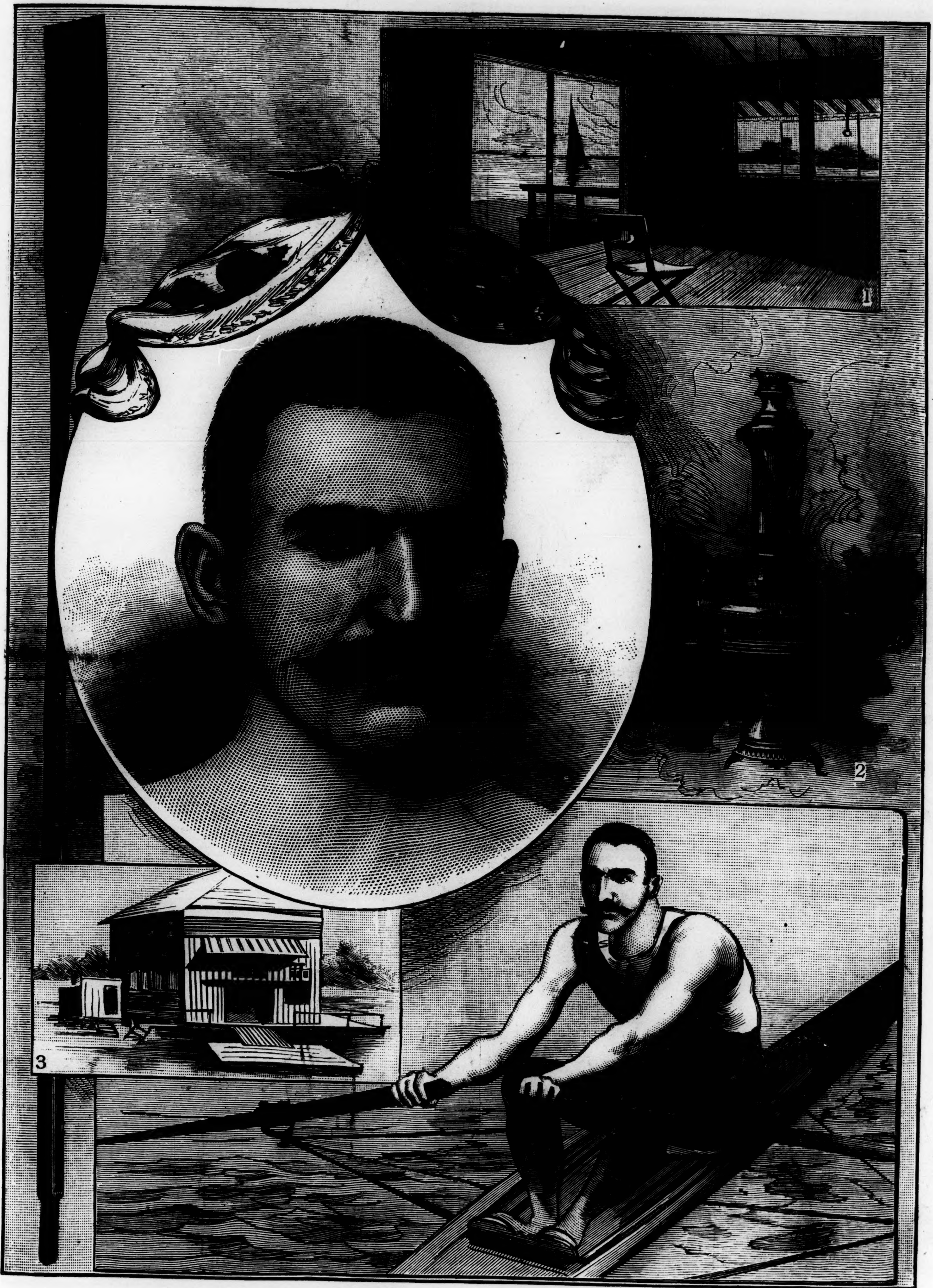




### HIS SIDE OF THE STORY.

HOW PRETTY MRS. LOTTA WORTHMAN "ENTERTAINED" LAWYER GEORGE W. COLLES, OF MORRISTOWN, N. J., AT HER FASHIONABLE HOME IN THIS CITY.





WILLIAM J. O'CONNOR,

OF TORONTO, CANADA, WHO HAS CHALLENGED HENRY E. SEARLE OF AUSTRALIA, THE WORLD'S CHAMPION, FOR \$5,000 A SIDE AND THE POLICE GAZETTE CHALLENGE CUP.

I.—Interior of O'Connor's Training Quarters. II.—The "Police Gazette" Challenge Cup. III.—Exterior of O'Connor's Training Quarters.



## GAME COCKS.

### The Famous Breeds— Interest Taken in a Popular Sport.

#### ALL ABOUT GAFFS, HEELING, ETC.

There never was a time when interest in game fowl was so universally felt as at present. The country, especially New Jersey, New York, Long Island, and the New England States, seems to be flooded with the different strains of show and pit fowl, and to say that any breeder has stock that will not take their death in the pit would be an unpardonable offence, the penalty of which varies according to the size of the pocketbook of the gentleman who considers himself slandered.

Cock fighting dates back for centuries, and it is vulgarly imagined that the game cock is the offspring of the domesticated fowl and the pheasant. This idea is, however, not assented to by ornithologists or the amateurs of the art of cocking. Pliny, the historian, says that cock fighting was usually practiced by Pergamene, a city in Asia. The Athenians practiced it at an annual festival in the time of the great general, Themistocles, who encouraged his soldiers to acts of bravery by admonishing them to imitate the example of the cock.



THE HEATHWOOD.

Babae and Chalce were famous for their breeds of game cocks; they were large, such as our own specimens of the game cock raised and bred in the South.

At Alexandria, Egypt, they had a breed of hens, according to George H. Butler of New York, that produced the best fighting cocks in the world.

The Romans fought quail, and it is an historical fact that they were the first to introduce the sport of cock fighting in England, although the game cock was in England before Caesar's arrival in Albion.

During the reign of Henry VIII., in England cock fighting was all the rage, and daily there were battles between the feathered warriors. The famous cock pit known as the Westminster pit was established near where the houses of Parliament now stand. In the reign of Charles II. cock fighting figured conspicuously as one of the sports that received royal patronage, and it was



THE IRISH SLASHER.

during Charles II.'s reign that famous breed of pyle cocks was first introduced, and was for many years held in high estimation, and even at the present time are much liked and preferred. In Cuba, San Domingo, Mexico and nearly all tropical climates at the present day, cock fighting is one of the institutions of the land.

In this country, ever since 1815, cock fighting has been one of the popular sports of the winter, and decades ago important mairs were fought, and some of the leading lights of the political and social world kept their famous breeds and engaged in mairs upon which depended thousands of dollars. August Belmont, James Gordon Bennett, Col. Daniel McDougal, Col. Hunter, John Morrissey, Thomas Heathwood, John Franklin, Harry Genet, and others equally well known, have owned game fowls and fought mairs upon which thousands were wagered.

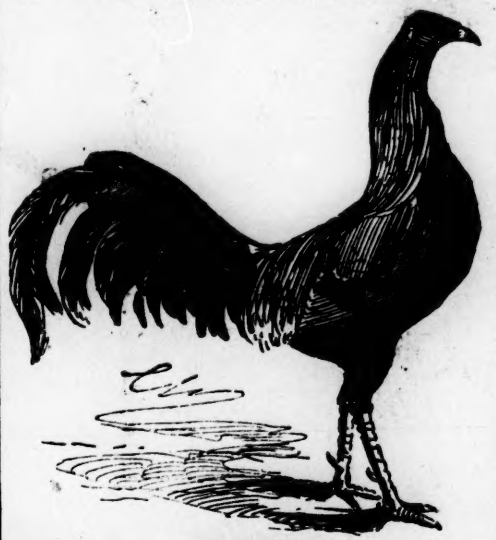


THE DERBY COCK.

Cock fighting in this country in 1867 was a national institution. Thousands of dollars were expended in breeding, training and crossing game fowls, but the organization of the cruelty to animal associations and the crusade by Henry Bergh against cock fighting helped to partially put a stop to the sport.

The well-bred game fowl is the very embodiment of courage, and no one who admires this desirable quality is anything can help admiring the proud, haughty carriage and noble ways of these birds, while their handsomely marked bodies make them still

further objects of interest. Aside from their appearance they are a really valuable breed to raise, though they should have ample range to secure their best qualities. Among the old breeds of game fowls known years ago in this country were the Dominick's, John Long (Southern breed), Genets, Waitons,



THE DOMINICK.

Storey, Morrissey, Ludlow and Heathwood's Champions, Garibaldi Trotters, Dare Devils, Madcaps, Ironclads, Tornados, Tartans, Earthquakes, Hurricanes, and Counterfeits, Derbys and Mulhollands.

The names of new strains of fowl are continually springing up, and every breeder who makes a cross seems anxious to outstyle his rivals in giving them some name by which to strike terror, without the gaffs, to the heart of any fowl they happen to be pitted against in battle array.

Now, if some of the above names are not sufficient to strike terror to the gamest bird in the world, what is? Still, the parties who make a business of fighting game fowls and who breed these different strains of fowl appear to be doing a profitable business in New Jersey, New York and New England, and in fact all parts of the United States; and the buyers, when they fight their fowls in mairs and happen to lose their money on "a duffer" or a runaway, they simply swear at their misfortune and hard luck, and when they next desire to purchase they try the next advertiser, who is trying to excel his neighbor in the selection of heart-rendering names.

A first-class fighting cock has eyes sparkling with fire, boldness in his demeanor and freedom in his motions, and displays force in his proportions.



THE STONE FENCE.

The general outline of the finest game cock, taken as a whole, approaches that of a lengthened cone or sugar-loaf shape, excluding the legs and tail, the apex of the cone being the head, and the base the vent and the belly. Under such external form may exist the best proportion of the fighting cock.

In cock fighting, after the fowls have been trained prior to a main, shake bag or battle royal, the fowls are trimmed for the pit. This is an operation known as cutting out. It is done after the weighing in process, and tends to give the cock greater force and activity in the pit.

Cutting out consists in trimming the neck and hackle feathers close from the head to his shoulders, and clipping off all the feathers from his tail close to his rump. The wings are then extended, and they are clipped from the first feather in a sloping way, leaving sharp points, so that in rising he may endanger the eyes of his adversary. Of late years this practice is not followed, and most fowls are required to be shown in full feather.



THE ESLIN COCK.

One of the principal points in preparing a cock to enter the pit is the heeling. The rules for heeling are to fit the heel of the gaff tightly to the stub, having the point just past outside or back of the leg, and fastening it tightly while in that position. It is then necessary for the handler's assistant to hold the leg heeled, turn the foot and proceed to heel the other in the same manner, with the point occupying a similar position.

In heeling fowls in this manner it gives them a great advantage, and makes them be able to do effective cutting in the body and neck; also enabling them to bring down their opponents with either a broken wing or leg. A fowl fighting for the head and neck exclusively requires a much closer heeling; to accomplish which, if the heel is to be placed on the right leg, set it so that the point will be on a line with the centre of the slight hollow perceptible in the upper joint of the right leg. The point of the heel on the left leg should be placed on a line with the outside of the upper joint of the left leg.

There are six different styles of steel gaffs at present used in cock fighting. In Fig. 1 are shown what are styled the regulation gaff. These are used in cock fighting in the North, and are considered the fairest and best heel in use for all purposes, being nearly straight and perfectly round from the socket to point with a short, round socket varying but little from the Singleton which is also very much in use.

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The gaffs shown in Fig. 2 are extensively used by heellers. The socket is light, short and round with the spur nearly straight, running from the lower part. These spurs are considered the fairest in use. They can be obtained of any desired length, from one inch and a quarter to one inch and three-quarters in length.

In Fig. 3 the gaffs differ both in weight, size and pattern from either the Regulation or Singleton style. The socket is heavy, long and deep, while the spur curls upward in a murderous curve from the bottom of the socket. It is a favorite with many handlers and cannot be barred from any pit.

The gaffs represented in Fig. 4 are principally used in the West, and many of the advantages claimed for it are possessed by no other spur. The socket is thin and shaped with no opening at the end, constituting the only essential difference from other heels. It is claimed that by filling up the socket the heel is removed farther from the leg, giving the fowl greater purchase in striking and slashing its adversary.

The full drop socket spurs, shown in Fig. 5, are the most brutal and murderous weapons used in cock fighting. The blade comes directly from the back and lower part of the socket and, dropping, throws the gaffs, even with the foot. In using these terrific slashers, leather is frequently placed on the under part of the socket to make the drop greater. These gaffs are generally used in Georgia, North Carolina and the great cities of the South, where cock fighting is all the rage, also in Cuba and Mexico, but they are not used in Ohio, Pennsylvania or Northern cities.

The half drop socket gaffs are shown in Fig. 6. They differ from the full drop socket in having the blade come directly from the front part of the socket with a less long and deep drop.

The Heathwood is one of the most famous breeds that was ever in this country. The Heathwoods are a noted strain of games, named after Thomas Heathwood, of Lowell, Mass. They breed various colors and weigh from 4½ to 6 pounds. They are remarkably quick fighters, fighting with force and vigor, stand up well, and are liberally possessed of bone and muscle.

The Irish Slasher is a favorite breed, being desperate fighters, fighting as well on their opponent's hold as their own. They are excellent in the pit, mature early, fight rapidly, and possess good wind and endurance.

The Derby cock is a famous English breed, which was years ago imported. The Dominick breed is well known in the North and South, where breeders and cockers place great faith in it, although it is not held in high esteem in the North. They are quick, skillful fighters, are of good size, well made, and stand up well on their legs, which are either white or yellow.

The Stone Fence breed has been claimed to have been kept in purity for more than five decades. They were formerly raised by the Arlington family in North Carolina, and the Stone Fence breed still figures in important mairs in the South as well as in the North.



TARTAR GAME COCK.

The Eslin cock famous breed originated at Washington, and was bred by the Eslin family from which it takes its name. It is of fine plumage and weighs from five to seven pounds.

The Tartar strain is one of the best ever known. It is in hundreds of mairs and shake bags. These cocks are unflinching game. They have a large breast, heavy-limbed claws, and large red eyes.

The "Tornado" is one of the best specimens of the game fowl in Michigan. He has a way of handling an adversary from the start that is pleasing to witness, and does not stop to rest until his work is done. It is seldom a bird lives to win so many hard battles in the pit, and deserves the position he now holds. He



THE TORNADO, CHAMPION GAME COCK OF MICHIGAN.

is a pure Tornado, bred and originated by his owner, and is a combination of several good crosses, which are perfect. This cock is a fine, well stationed black red, and is to all outward appearance a good one.

#### THE COCK PIT.

A pit, in which the game fowls fight, is constructed as follows:

It is either 16 or 18 feet in diameter, made with either six or eight corners, and sometimes is built in a circular form. In height it varies from 16 to 24 inches, in order that the feathered warrior, while fighting his opponent too near the side of the pit, will not break his heels. It is generally lined with some cheap material, with stuffing of cut hay or straw, making a soft cushion the entire distance around it.

In all regular pits the bottom is covered with carpet or some other suitable material. A mark is made as near the centre as possible, and two other marks are drawn one foot each way from the centre.

In cock fighting, no matter how game the fowls may be or how well they have been trained or prepared for the pit, the way they are handled in the pit and in heeling is of the most importance. A good handler is a man of many resources, and numerous fights have been won more by the good handling than by the fighting qualities of the birds.

No general rule can be laid down for handling, yet a handler who is inexperienced loses many a battle which the fowl he was handling should have won.

At Plymouth, Pa., on Dec. 31, a cocking main of nine battles, between Pittston and Plymouth birds, was fought. The fight was for \$500 a side on the general result. Pittston won six out of the nine battles, killing three Plymouth birds and driving two out of the pit. There were over 800 persons present. It is claimed that the owners of the Plymouth birds lost over \$2,000 on outside bets.

At Charleston, S. C., on Dec. 30 and 31, there was a cocking main between North and South Carolina, which lasted two days. Each side showed 21 birds and matched 19, the wagers being \$30 a fight and \$400 on the odd fight. On the first day nine battles were fought, and on the second day the Northern birds won three straight fights. Then the Southern won five straight, when the tide of battle turned again, and the Northern birds won the two remaining contests and the main, getting eleven out of the nineteen fights on the main and bagging \$500 of the stakes.

The great interstate cocking main between Connecticut and New York was fought near this city on January 1. The conditions were to show 15 cocks on each side and fight all that fell in for \$100 each battle and \$1,000 the odd fight. Eleven pairs matched in weight, and the fighting, which began at midnight, lasted till broad daylight. The betting was remarkably spirited. The opening battle was the heavy-weight one. New York sent in a 5 pound 10 ounce Dominick, Connecticut a black red of the same size. The battle was a desperate one, the black red losing an eye in the opening buckles, while the Dominick had a wing broken and also lost an eye later on. The Dominick won on the count after cutting his opponent down. The light-weights, a 4 pound hackle for Connecticut and a 4 pound red for New York, fought the second battle. The New York bird was brained. A ginger for Connecticut and a black hackle for New York, each 4 pounds 6 ounces, fought the third match. It was 100 to 50 on Connecticut as they were "billed," before being let go. New York led almost from the start, showing much the better condition, and the betting changed to 10 to 1 on the black hackle. New York won on the "count." Connecticut put in a 4 pound 12 ounce black hackle for the next battle, New York showing a white hackle. The Connecticut bird was killed in 2½ minutes. Two 4 pounds 10 ounce black reds were the succeeding pair. New York's back was broken in less than two minutes, and she bled to death. A 4 pound 8 ounce black hackle from New York killed the red bird in 21 minutes. The seventh battle was between two 4 pound 11 ounce cocks—black hackle for Connecticut and a white hackle for New York. Connecticut early lost an eye, but punished New York so badly that he flew the pit. New York next put a 4 pound 10 ounce white hackle, Connecticut a black hackle of the same weight. It was a rattling battle, New York winning in 21 minutes. New York now had but one fight to score to win the main, and the excitement was intense. Connecticut's representative was a white pyle, New York pitting another white hackle. New York won in four minutes.

#### SPORTING NOTES.

At Philadelphia the South End Athletic Association has been organized.

Jack Havlin has retired from the prize ring. He is disgusted over his defeat by Tommy Warren.

Sentinel Wilkes has been sold by W. H. Crawford to W. C. France, owner of Red Wilkes. The price is \$25,000. He is by George Wilkes, dam by Sentinel.

Thos. J. Brosnan, of the Seaside House, Rockaway, has opened a first-class sporting house in this city, corner of Thirty-ninth street and Third avenue.

The 72-hour go-as-you-please race at Pittsburgh, Pa., ended on Dec. 30. Peter Golden, of New York, won. Following is the score: Golden, 430 miles; Norcum, 418; Cox, 337; Engledrum, 250; Moore, 262; Hart, 185; McClelland, 117; Greene, 60; Guerrero, 231; Poff, 125; Nolan, 45.

At Minneapolis, Dec. 24, Dr. Carver started in to break his own and the world's record of 60,000 glass balls in six days, for a purse of \$2,500. At 2:35 A. M., on Dec. 30, Carver finished his task, breaking the 60,000 balls. He missed only 550 balls, and made these up before stopping. He was given several hypodermic injections of morphine yesterday to still the terrible pain which his wrist gave him. The Doctor was completely exhausted when he finished, and was put to bed at once. The services of a physician were necessary for his swollen wrist, and it will be several days before he is restored to his normal condition.

In regard to the proposed international inter-collegiate boat race proposed between Yale of New Haven, and Cambridge, the *Daily News* knocks the bottle out of the pail. It says: "What is the use of Yale proposing to row Cambridge? Oxford might defeat Cambridge next March and Yale would only be competing against a second-class crew. Then again Harvard might outrow Yale, and Cambridge would not be rowing the champion college crew of America." This is the straight tip. What is the use of an international race between English and American colleges rowed in England unless it is between the two champion crews?

The next regular monthly meeting of the Crib Athletic Association of Boston will be held at the rooms, 603 Washington street, Tuesday, Jan. 15. There will be three contests, the principal ones being Peter Cuniff and Mat Martnett at 125 pounds and Steve Travers and Young Boyle at 145. Fifteen rounds will be contested in each bout. The fight between Steve Travers and Boyle is expected to be one of the events of the season, and the winner will probably be sent after high game. Boyle is being looked after by Paddy Duffy, while Travers is being coached by Denny Kelleher, who thinks his man has the making of a first-rate one.

George Smith, the famous sprinter, was ruled out of the Sheffield handicap after he won his heat. Why was he ruled out—because he ran under the Stars and Stripes? The cable does not state, but the "rule out" business killed the hopes of Smith's friends throughout the United States, and probably his ambitions of winning fame and big money on the cinder paths for the future. Since winning the handicap at Sheffield, some time about 1880, Smith's aim has been to capture another one. He waited year after year, however, for leniency from the handicapper, and after Gent, Samuels, Wharton and other great sprinters showed to the front, thought his opportunity was at hand last spring, when he had been lost sight of to an extent. So all arrangements were made for a grand scoop, and on July 17 he left this city quietly for New York, from which point he sailed for England. He went into training at once near Sheffield. Being placed at 80½ yards in the Christmas handicap he concluded to start. The betting against him was 16 to 1, and he was quite freely backed at this price with Pittsburgh money. One of his backers said that in case he had won the Pittsburgh party would have pulled off about \$10,000. Of course the heat would not have settled the race, but he would have been in the final with three competitors. Smith will return home at once, and it is more than probable will retire from professional sprinting. He has a nice business established on the South Side, and as he is now past 31 years of age, would hardly have a chance with the crack sprinters of the country.

No man, woman nor child need experience a dull hour at home with the magnificent POLICE GAZETTE publications to while away the time with at so moderate a price. Catalogue furnished on application.



## REFEREE.

### Reasons Why Kilrain Should Not Fight Jackson, Australia's Champion.

#### BOGUS SPORTING RECORDS.

I see that the Amateur Skating Association of Canada has changed its dates for both distance and figure skating competitions to February 8, the fancy skating taking place at 10 A. M. and the distance skating at 2 P. M.

I recently had a call from Wm. J. O'Connor, the champion oarsman who recently defeated John Teemer in a race for \$2,000, the "Police Gazette" challenge cup, which represents the championship of America. O'Connor stated that he had decided to go to Australia in April and that George Lee would accompany him. On his arrival he would row the champion of the world, H. Searle, and if he won he would at once return to America with the championship of the world, unless Kemp, Beach or any other oarsman challenged him to row for the title.

O'Connor is not like the general run of champions. He is quite unassuming, and one of his sterling qualities is he does not boast of brag about his wonderful proficiency with the oar. O'Connor is only twenty-five years of age, and, judging by his abominable style of living, he will row faster in the future than he has done in the past, and he will most assuredly improve upon his present form. He has two backers who place implicit confidence in his ability to conquer any adversary and they will accompany the American champion to Australia either to win or lose a small fortune on their protégé's victories or defeats.

By the way, I see that George Kosmer still clings to John Teemer like a barnacle to a ship's bottom. He claims Teemer can outrow O'Connor and that the reason the latter defeated the ex-champion was because Teemer was stale. Further he says: "O'Connor, the holder of the 'Police Gazette' challenge cup, is a wonderfully good man, young and speedy, and the man who beats him will have to be in perfect condition. Still, I will not be surprised if Gaudaur beats him in the race arranged to take place in San Francisco. Jake is very fast, and if he gets in smooth water to row on, what a pace he will set for O'Connor. You can bet O'Connor will know he has had a race, whether he is beaten or not."

I think the victory of Peter Jackson, the Australian colored fighter, over Joe McAlliffe, at the rooms of the California Athletic Club in San Francisco on Friday night, puts a new phase on the aspect of the American pugilistic championship. It is apparent that anyone who now aspires to championship honors must not put a bar on color. John L. Sullivan, as well as many other modern boxers, has steadfastly refused to fight colored men on the ground that it would lower his standard. As long as there were no really first-class colored fighters it was possible for pugilists to draw the color line, but now that Jackson has proved himself up to championship form popular opinion will force the fraternity to recognize him.

Arthur Chambers, on his return from California last fall, gave it as his opinion that Jackson could beat a lot of men in the East who called themselves champions. McAlliffe is not a strictly first-class man, but the California sports thought well enough of him to offer to back him against anyone in the country.

I see that many are eager to see Jake Kilrain, the "Police Gazette" champion, meet Peter Jackson, and the California Athletic Club offer a purse of \$5,000 to any pugilist who will agree to meet the ebony pugilist in their club rooms at San Francisco.

I do not see any wealth or glory in Kilrain agreeing to meet the black for a purse in the California Athletic Club, for if the champion would agree to meet Jackson he would have no voice in the conditions, or even have anything to say about the selection of a referee. Then he would have to meet Jackson according to Queensberry rules, with pillows, for the police will not permit small gloves to be used.

Kilrain's forte is battling according to London rules, without gloves. He is one of the best wrestlers that ever entered the arena, and is thoroughly schooled in the tactics involved in a fist encounter according to London rules, which he demonstrated in his battle with Jim Smith. He would be very foolish, therefore, to risk his great name and fist reputation by contending according to any other rules.

In my opinion, in a battle between Jake Kilrain and Peter Jackson according to Queensberry rules, Kilrain will not doubt win; but then there are chances, owing to conditions and surroundings, that the battle might end in a draw; while if Kilrain and Jackson were to enter the arena to battle according to the London prize ring rules, it would be dollars to doughnuts on Kilrain's chances of conquering Australia's black champion. Again, Kilrain holds the title of champion of the world, and if he agreed to meet the black champion of Australia in a glove fight in the precincts of the California Athletic Club it would not be a battle for the championship. Nevertheless, if Jackson did win by a foul or some unforeseen accident, the Australian would claim the championship, take the first steamer for Australia, and make plenty of capital by his victory.

Chas. E. Davies says: "As to Jackson, the Australian, he did not see money or glory in a meeting with the black. There was nothing for Kilrain to win and everything to lose. The 'Parson' thought McAlliffe had been overestimated. But Bradburn defeated Glover in nine rounds. It took McAlliffe forty-nine to best him. His defeat of Conley was a chance blow."

I see by the Australian exchanges to hand that Searle, the champion oarsman of the world, kept up his reputation in the open at regatta at Brisbane, Australia, and although all the leading oarsmen in N. S. Wales contended in the final heats and final, Searle easily won, defeating Beach, Stansbury, Kemp, Matterson, Nelson and MacClear. The first prize in the regatta, which was rowed in heats, was \$500. In the second final heat it was apparent that Searle and Matterson entered in an attempt to obstruct Beach, who was rowing in excellent form. Beach appealed to the referee and claimed a foul. The referee failed to allow the same and disqualify Searle and Matterson, whereupon Beach refused to row the final heat, and the consequence was that the champion won with ease. Matterson was a former trainer of Searle. The latter was trained by the regatta by George Fearn, the English swimmer, and was in the pink of condition. Harry Searle is a very smart athlete, being 160 pounds in condition. He is only 22 years of age and is the native of the Clarence district. Searle has now sufficiently demonstrated that he is head and shoulders above all Australian oarsmen, with the probable exception of Beach, and he waits with the greatest confidence the arrival of the American champion, O'Connor or John Teemer.

I recently had a call from Bryan E. Lynn, the Afghan and Arab fighter, camel rider and mounted broadswordman. He is eager to meet Duncan C. Ross, the mounted broadsword champion, in a contest with broadswords. Lynn was born at Mullingar, Ireland, in 1858, stands 5 feet 11 inches, and weighs 170 pounds. He has a splendid record. He served in the British Army in the Indian and Afghanistan wars, and was in the campaign in Egypt. He was a member of the Prince of Wales's Hussars, and was awarded many medals for bravery in the battlefield. He defeated all the best swordsmen of the British army, and held the position of champion for three consecutive years.

After twelve years of active service abroad he was transferred to the Royal Horse Artillery and ordered to do duty in Ireland in evicting poor tenants from their cabins. He was

then a sergeant, and was sent to Kerry, but his brave heart rebelled against the degrading work of turning out women and children to die on the highway of starvation and cold. He threw up his position in disgust and sought a home in this country. Lynn claims he is the mounted broadsword champion of the world and has never yet been defeated. He has put \$100 in Richard K. Fox's hands to bind his challenge, and all broadsword experts are invited to accept, Duncan C. Ross preferred.

I was surprised when I heard that Mayor Roche, of Chicago, had stopped Kilrain and Mitchell from boxing at the Casino. There is not in the whole round of athletics a better exercise or a more useful art than boxing. It is pre-eminently manly. It implies pluck, endurance, sound lungs, tough fibers, and general eupepsy. It develops muscle, resourcefulness and self-confidence. It is a discipline for body and mind—an essential element in a liberal education. That there is a class, not the best in the community, which has fastened upon the manly art and dragged it down into the mire of prize fighting, proves not its badness, but its catholicity. It might as well be urged that fencing is murderous because duels are fought with swords, or that the French language should not be learned because it is the vehicle which Zola has used for his unspeakable books. There is use and abuse in boxing as in morphine or the eating of roast beef—and an exhibition of sparring is not an abuse.

I was not surprised to learn that the glove fight between Jim Fell and Martin Fahey, of St. Paul, ended in a draw. The men signed articles to box 10 rounds, with 3-ounce gloves, under Queensberry rules. At the end of the tenth round Fell had the advantage, but not enough to justify the referee in ordering another round, and he declared the battle a draw, to the disgust of the one hundred spectators who paid a big tariff for the privilege of witnessing what they supposed would be a battle in which either Fell or Fahey would have been returned the winner.

If the pugilists had arranged their match to contend according to the Richard K. Fox rules, there would have been a more satisfactory result, for the referee, at the end of the tenth round, would have been compelled to either decide Fell the victor or order the battle to be continued, and the public would not have begrudged paying the big amount they had to pay to witness the affair.

It seems strange that pugilists who mean business—those who want to win or lose on the result of an encounter with gloves in the arena—should arrange their matches by English Queensberry rules. The majority of the pugilists—I mean those who are not looking for draws, but for fame, wealth and reputation—now box by Richard K. Fox rules, and they have found that in contending according to these rules they not only draw big houses but that the public take a great deal more interest in such contests. Pugilists who only want the game money and not fame box by the English rules, while those who mean business and want either to conquer or to be conquered, box according to the only rules for fair and honest decisions, the Richard K. Fox rules.

Boxers who are battling for fame, wealth and glory and looking to make their mark on the pugilistic calendar should insist on boxing or fighting according to Richard K. Fox rules.

The McAlliffe and Jackson battle at San Francisco and the Hyams and McAlliffe glove fight in Brooklyn, N. Y., were decided by Richard K. Fox rules, and the public who witnessed both events had the satisfaction of seeing no draw, but a definite result. If Queensberry rules had governed, both might have been undecided and the referee compelled to declare both contests a draw.

I learn that Walter Campbell, Patay Sheppard's son-in-law, has joined theistic brigade.

At St. Louis, on Jan. 1, the police not only stopped Kilrain and Mitchell from boxing, but would not allow wrestling and fencing to take place at the Natsatorium.

By advices from Paris I learn that the Cœur de Cassation of France has decided that mutual betting in the same manner as list betting is a game of hazard and is prohibited by the law unless the transactions be carried on by persons known to each other and having a thorough knowledge of horses and their performances.

By looking over the turf records of 1888, I find that in the list of races, four years and over, that won \$5,000 and upward this year, Tennessee claims credit for having produced The Bard, with \$30,440 to his credit; Egmont, with \$15,594; Banner Bearer, \$2,090; Telle Doe, \$4,010; Climax, \$7,083; Bradford, \$7,386; Swift, \$4,430; Niagara, \$4,580; Paragon, \$4,400; Glenhall, \$4,320.

I think Bell Boy, the Californian stallion, whose value is \$60,000, must be a wonder. Recently, at Los Angeles, he trotted a mile in 2:19½. The performance was a remarkable one, and there is no doubt in the world that Bell Boy is capable of doing 3:17 under favorable circumstances. His performance, everything considered, was fully equal to 2:17½, as the mud could be seen flying from the wheels in all directions at every revolution.

I had a talk with a prominent athlete about the genuineness of some heavy weight performances alleged to have been accomplished recently.

The athlete said: "Depend upon it that not one of the performances claimed are reliable."

"What makes you think so?"

"First—Because I know all the men who claim to have accomplished the performances; second, they are inferior to Duncan C. Ross and John McDougall; third, after John Cattanach, of Providence, R. I., made the alleged throw of 125 feet, Ross promptly offered to give Cattanach 15 feet start with three hammers, but Cattanach never accepted. Since then Ross and McDougall have easily defeated Cattanach, who was only fourth in the games held at Boston, Mass., in August."

"The record published in the 'Clipper' almanac is bogus, and never was honestly accomplished. Who do I think is the best hammer thrower? Every one who can read ought to know who is the best. Duncan C. Ross defeated Davidson and Dinale for the championship, which he has since held. John A. McDougall, of New Glasgow, N. S., is the next best man. The men who claim the records could not win from either. Why don't Ross and McDougall establish reliable records? I broached the subject once to Ross, and he laughed at me and said this record business is all a farce. I can beat any man who has a record and wager any sum from \$500 to \$1,000, but life is too short for record-making, for were I to establish a record every would-be athlete in America and Europe would be beating them—in their minds—and such unreliable sheets as the Clipper would publish them. It makes any sensible athlete blush to see the silly records the Clipper publishes."

"The 'Police Gazette Sporting Man's Companion' should only credit performances to men who have honestly accomplished them, and there ought to be a distinction between the amateur way and the professional style. The amateurs are used to run and turn around, while the professionals have to stand at the mark and throw the hammer without turning the body around, which is an advantage in favor of the amateur style of from 35 to 40 feet."

I am informed on the best authority that if Jack McAlliffe whips Billy Myers of Streator, Ill., it is probable that he will box Johnny Reagan ten rounds in public. Billy Reed, the backer of Reagan, will bet \$500 that his man gets the decision if the affair takes place.

The three leading turf winners in England, the United States and France in 1888 were the Duke of Portland in England, with \$134,577 to his credit; J. B. Haggin in the United States, with \$124,867; and Baron de Soubeyran in France, with \$95,000. Thus England takes the honors this year. Last year and the year before the Dwyer Bros. led the winning owners of the world.

The most gifted and brilliant writers of the day have contributed to the POLICE GAZETTE publications, which are universally conceded to be the most thrilling, fascinating and inexpensive books published anywhere. A catalogue may be had by mail.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

### Rules Governing the Movements for Fancy Skating.

#### THE ITALIAN GAME PALLONE.

G. J.,—Chicago, Ill.  
J. M., Southold, L. I.—A loss.  
D. S., Portsmouth, N. H.—No.  
J. D. S., Georgetown, Col.—Yes.  
P. S., Findlay, O.—At Salford, England.  
J. S. H., Columbus, O.—The party who threw 44.  
D. Y. H., Lawrence, Mass.—The Bee, Sacramento, Cal.  
J. S. C., Valentine, Neb.—Sullivan weighed 165 pounds.  
PROCTOR KNOTT, New York City.—There is no such book.  
H. W. T.,—If B had \$20 and A 50 cents, then B won.  
F. McD., Denver, Col.—He was credited with performing the feat.

W. H., Fort Pierre, Dak.—At Mississippi City, Miss., Feb. 7, 1888.

W. L., Lansingburg, N. Y.—If you mean business, send on a forfeit.

A. J., Logansport, Ind.—We have no record of Willis' prior contests.

CONSTANT READER, Watertown, N. Y.—Six feet one and one half inches.

SUBSCRIBER, Philadelphia.—His address is 64 Diamond street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

T. G. W., Marion, Mass.—John L. Sullivan was born at the Highlands, Boston, Oct. 16, 1868.

J. W., Mount Carmel, Pa.—It all depends on what style of heels the man was fought with.

H. H. Z., Santa Fe, N. M.—We can supply you with mechanical singing birds from \$20 to \$150.

J. H. H., Goodwin, Dak.—Kilrain and Sullivan never fought, but Mitchell and Sullivan fought a draw.

E. J. K., Kansas City.—1. No. 2. Capt. Webb lost his life going through the whirlpool rapids at Niagara Falls.

F. C., N. Y. City.—Only the portrait of John L. Sullivan. We have not Herty's, John Ward's nor Buck Ewing's.

W. P., Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. Kilrain and Smith fought before Sullivan and Mitchell. 2. Dempsey weighed 160 pounds.

DIXIE, Richmond, Va.—Yes; John Morrissey may be classed as one of the pluckiest pugilists who ever fought in a ring.

J. R. S., Freeport, Pa.—Send 25 cents for "The American Athlete." It will give you the method of training for lifting, etc.

A. C. B., Montgomery, Ala.—1. Jacob Schiefer, of St. Louis. 2. When he fought George Le Blanche for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt.

C. H., Paterson, N. J.—It was at Minneapolis, Minn., that John L. Sullivan had his arm broken during a limited round glove contest with Patay Cardiff.

T. McD., Brownfield, Fayette Co., Pa.—H. Searle defeated Peter Kemp on Oct. 27, 1888, and assumed the title of champion of the world. Kemp held the title prior to Searle's defeating him.

A. W. C., Pottsville, Pa.—Jacob Hyams is twenty-nine years old, 5 feet 11½ inches in height and weighs 150 pounds. Jack McAlliffe is twenty-one years of age, 5 feet 5 inches high and weighed 165 pounds.

W. J. N., Trenton, N. J.—1. Yes. 2. Jake Kilrain, the champion, and John L. Sullivan, have twice met in sparring exhibitions, but neither gained any advantage, simply because neither was trying to outdo the other.

A READER, N. Y. City.—Jake Kilrain and Jim Smith never fought with gloves. After the international battle for \$5,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" belt, which represents the championship of the world, they engaged in exhibitions.

F. R. B., Fort Bent, Mo.—1. Louis Cyr keeps a saloon in Montreal, and will not leave. 2. If that city he can be matched to lift heavy dumbbells against anybody. 3. Put up a deposit and issue a challenge. This is the only proper method to bring either out.

M. W., Newark, N. J.—McAlliffe's correct weight when he fought Jackson was 220 pounds, while Jackson weighed 205 pounds. McAlliffe's correct height, 4 feet 5½ inches; Jackson's, 5 feet 1½ inches. Sam Fitzpatrick and Tom Meadows seconded Jackson, while Joe Bowers and Barney Farley seconded McAlliffe.

T. W., Baltimore, Md.—The Athletic Club of the Schuylkill Navy won 23 first and 25 second prizes in 1888. The individual prize winners were as follows: Myristas, 8; Terry, 8; Shell, 6; Hoakins, 5; Van Stavoren, 4; Perrett, 4; Graham, 4; Kocap, 3; Hyslop, 3; Pritner, 2; Master, 2; Schell, 2; O'Connell, 1; Kane, 1; Brooks, 1; Robinson, 1; Kneass, 1; Collins, 1; and Nobre, 1.

D. A., Baltimore.—The definition of an amateur oarsman is not uniform throughout the Australian Colonies. In New South Wales the English definition, which excludes men who work with their hands, prevails, but the Victorian Rowing Association is in accord with the American idea, that any man who has not rowed for money, and who does not row for pecuniary gain, is an amateur.

J. G., Freetown, Mass.—1. No. 2. Before a pugilist can become champion pugilist of the world he must first contend for the title. 3. The only three battles fought for the championship of the world during the past twenty years were Jem Mace and Tom Allen, Joe Coburn and Jem Mace, and Jake Kilrain and Jem Smith. Jake Kilrain at present holds the "Police Gazette" diamond belt which represents the championship of the world.

A. J., Boston, Mass.—Peter Jackson, the champion of Australia, is a black man, born in the West Indies in 1861, but the greater portion of his life has been spent in Australia. He is a young giant, standing 6 feet 1½ inches in height, and trained weight 205 pounds. His first battle was fought five years ago at Foley's Hall, Sydney, New South Wales, where he made a draw with Jack Hayes. A few months later he met the same man, and defeated him in a 17-round contest. He then met Sam Bitten, whom he vanquished in twenty minutes; but in his next fight, where he encountered Bill Farnham, he suffered defeat for the first time. He was afterward matched to meet Farnham, and after a desperate battle the referee decided the battle a draw. Jackson's next battle was with Tom Dooley, whom he put to sleep in three rounds. Tom Lees, now in New York, was his next antagonist, the men fighting 30 rounds at Melbourne, Jackson winning the 2400 in stakes and the championship of Australia. The black fellow then resolved to come to America, where he heard that a cartload of money could be made in the ring. He landed at San Francisco last spring, and fought George Godfrey the colored hurricane of Boston, defeating him in the most lopsided victory. He was then matched to fight Joe McAlliffe, the champion of the Pacific coast, for a purse of \$5,000, donated by the California Athletic Club. On Dec. 23, 1888, he defeated Joe McAlliffe, at San Francisco, in 24 rounds, fought according to Richard K. Fox rules. The battle lasted 1 hour 35 minutes. Jackson is the boxing teacher of the California Athletic Club at a salary of \$150 per month.

R. J. S., Boston.—The following are the rules governing the movements for fancy skating: 1. Plain forward and backward skating. 2. "Lap foot"—as field step in cutting circle. 3. Outside edge roll, forward. 4. Outside edge roll, backward. 5. Inside edge roll, forward. 6. Inside edge roll, backward. 7. Figure eight on one foot, forward. 8. Figure eight on one foot, backward. 9. Cross roll, forward. 10. Cross roll, backward. 11. Change of edge roll, forward, commencing either on outside or inside edge. 12. Change of edge roll, backward, beginning either on outside or inside edge. 13. (a) "On to Richmond," (b) reverse "On to Richmond." 14. (a) "Locomotive," forward, backward, sideways—single and double; (b) waltz step (not to be done on the point of the skate). 15. Spread eagles, inside and outside edges. 16. Curvilinear angles: (a) single, double, chain and flying three, beginning on inside or outside edge; (b) turns from outside edge to outside edge, or from inside edge

to inside edge, forward and backward. 17. Grapevines, including "Philadelphia twist," etc. 18. Toe and heel movements, embracing pivot circling, toe spins (pirouettes), and movements on both toes, etc. 19. Single flat-foot spins and double-foot whirls. 20. (a) Serpentine on one foot and on both feet; (b) Change of edge, single and double. 21. Loops and ringlets on inside and outside edges, single and in combination. 22. Display of complex movements, at the option of the contestant. 23. Specialties, embracing original and peculiar movements. The movements are arranged under comprehensive, fundamental heads, designed to include everything appertaining to the art. It is to be understood that whenever practicable all movements are to be executed both forward and backward, on right foot and on left. It should be continually borne in mind that grace is the most desirable attribute of artistic skating.

M. J. W., Indianapolis.—Pallone is an Italian game. It was introduced in this city, but proved a failure. Pallone, which means simply a big ball, is the appellation of a game far more beautiful and intelligible, from the gracefulness of the attitude and the simplicity of the rules, than either cricket or baseball. Nothing can be more inelegant than the bowling in cricket, and the complication of rules and the number of players required in both these games confuse all the spectators who are not themselves adepts. Pallone is even more beautiful than lacrosse. There are only three players on a side, each of whom wears on his right wrist a broad wooden bracelet, girdled with eight rows of blunt wooden spikes. The ball is made of a bladder and cased in leather, and at each turn is filled with air by a pump. It is very hard and can give a bad blow when light. The ground is generally chosen outside the fortifications; at all events there must be on one side a very high wall, from which, if necessary, the ball may rebound. The players generally wear white linen knee-breeches, loose jackets, with ruffles and lace at discretion, but with the left sleeve down to the wrist and the right cut short at the elbow. The 21st man—the man who gives the ball, is distinguished by loose trousers, but otherwise dresses like the rest. He takes no side, but gives alike to both. When he is in position the protagonist—after having taken a fine attitude—runs down a short, wooden incline toward him; their eyes meet, the ball is thrown, and sometimes knocked over the wall. The ground, however, is very restricted, a wall on one side, a path on the other, and every ball knocked out of bounds counts for the opposite side. There is no catching; the point is simply to keep the ball in the air until it can be knocked beyond the goal. As there is always a question of sun—although the game is generally played toward evening, when the ground is shaded of wind, a very important point, and of the different effects on the ball as it is hit by one, two or fully by three spikes of the bracelet, there is great variety of play.

#### SPORTING NOTES.

In the recent glove fight at Southend, Md., between Billy Young and Charley Galney, which was won by Young in two rounds, Young weighed 185, and Galney 165 pounds.

Billy Young of Washington, D. C., who recently defeated Charley Galney, writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that he will fight Paddy Duffy of Boston, with gloves for a purse of a stake.

George Covington, the popular and competent light-weight jockey, whose entire career on the turf has been with Johnny Campbell until the present time, is said to be negotiating with Senator Hearst, of California, for next season.

The "Police Gazette" Boston correspondent writes that the Athenian Club of that city has offered a purse of \$500 for a 15-round glove contest between Joe Lannon and Godfrey at the next exhibition of the club. Godfrey has signified his acceptance.

Charles Barker Bradford's latest literary affair is another book on field sports and angling, and it is to go forth under the appropriate and pretty title of "Nimrod." It is to contain everything concerning the rod and gun—how, when and where to use these sporting implements—and will shortly be published.

James Dolan, who fought Jack Ashton his hardest battle, and who is at present in good pugilistic form, will have a 10-round battle with Jim Glynn, Jan. 26, at Providence, R. I. The arrangements were perfected this afternoon and there will be a \$500 purse. The go will take place under the auspices of the Criterion Club in this city.

Jimmy McLaughlin, the famous jockey, will ride for the Chicago stable this season. He will receive \$15,000 and one-third of the stable's winnings. McLaughlin will have Galen, the only rival of Proctor Knott, except Salvador, and should make a big bank account. It is my opinion if Salvador winters well that he will be the best three-year-old of 1889.

The handball match between John Lawlor, the champion of Ireland, and William Courtney which was to have been decided in Phil Casey's court, Brooklyn, on Jan. 1, did not end satisfactorily. Lawlor had the game won when Courtney withdrew and the Irish champion won the \$300 stakes and the match. Both men were rematched to play the best of 15 games in March for \$500 a side.

The latest production of the Richard K. Fox Publishing House, Franklin Square, New York, is "The Life and Battles of Jake Kilrain." The book has evidently been carefully compiled, and can be safely referred to as a reliable authority on the principal events in the life of the present champion pugilist. It is profusely embellished with portraits and other illustrations.—From the *Newtownards Chronicle, Ireland*.

John L. Sullivan has been going through regular exercise in Boston, in order to be in first-class shape for his proposed exhibition, which is to be tendered him in Boston. Sullivan, apropos of the McAlliffe-Jackson fight, said that Jackson might challenge him, but that he would pay no attention to it, as he had long ago declined to meet any colored man in the ring, or any man who stands up with a colored fighter.

The owners of the winning fowls in the recent great cocking main at Charleston, S. C., have decided to issue a challenge to the Esims, of Washington, to fight a main in the coming spring. Richmond, Va., is proposed as the battle ground, as it is said it is the only city north of New Orleans where there is a licensed pit. This pit has flourished since the days of John Randolph, of Roanoke. The Charleston cockers gave up about \$2,500 on the recent main.

The next six-day go-as-you-please race for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship of the world will be held in this city probably the last week in April. It will be a sweepstakes of \$500 each between George Littlewood, who holds the championship of the world, and Charley Rowell and all the other postmen who desire to enter and are able to put up the \$500 will be allowed to enter. Billy O'Brien will manage the race, which promises success.

At St. Louis on Jan. 1 Prof. William Clark's Natsatorium was crowded by people who expected to see Mitchell and Kilrain spar. The Board of Police Commissioners decided to strictly enforce the law against boxing. The crowd was orderly, although indignant at the interference, particularly at the refusal of the police to allow either fencing or wrestling. Short speeches were made by both Mitchell and Kilrain. The former said the Americans were prejudiced against him because he wouldn't let Sullivan lick him and that he was going to England in three weeks. Kilrain said he was in earnest in his proposed match with Sullivan, and that the Buffalo meeting would be held and the battle fought.

Jim Fell and Mart Fahey fought ten rounds with two-ounce gloves at Minneapolis, Minn., on Dec. 31. Only fifty persons witnessed the mill. In the first five rounds there was desperate fighting. In the sixth round Fahey picked Fell up bodily and threw him headlong to the floor. In the next round he tried the same tactics, and nearly succeeded in his undertaking. Fell laughed when he came up, and a second later landed one on Fahey's neck, which came near settling him. In the next round Fahey knocked Fell all over the ring, once knocking him down. Fell was as weak as a baby, and held his hands in front of his face to avoid punishment. The last round was marked by some terrific fighting and awful slugging. Fell was thrown against a red-hot stove and sustained severe bruises on his right side. The referee decided the fight a draw.

The catalogue of the POLICE GAZETTE publications is sent free to any one desiring it. Write for one, and you will discover something to interest and benefit you.





A PUGILISTIC PREACHER.

MR. J. A. FLINN CALLS PASTOR BELL A FRAUD IN THE LATTER'S CHURCH AT COLUMBUS, OHIO, AND GETS CHOKED.



HEROISM OF A SOCIETY BELLE.

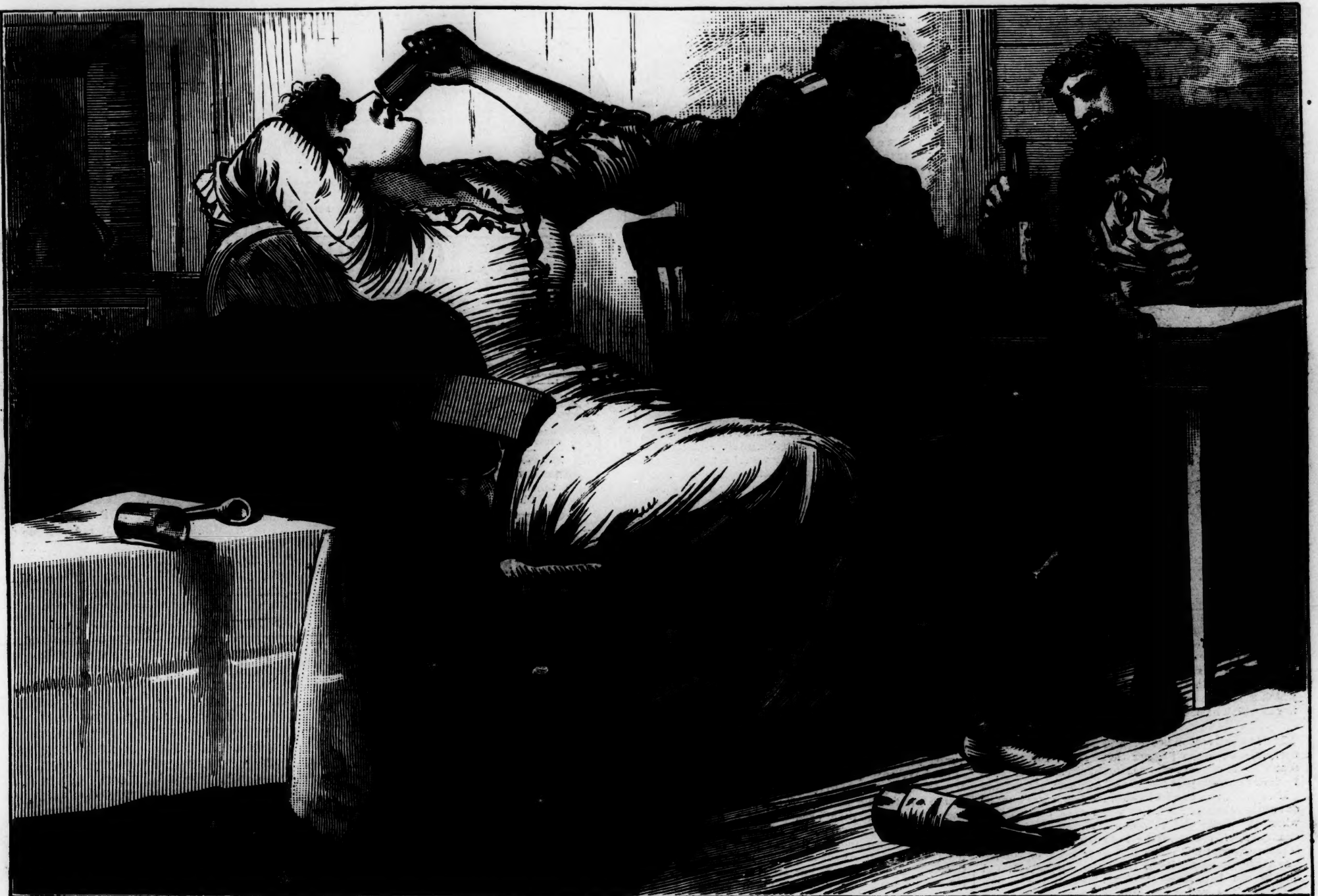
THE BRAVERY OF CHARMING MISS JAFFRAY, THE DAUGHTER OF A NEW YORK MILLIONAIRE, SAVES MANY LIVES AT IRVINGTON, N. Y.



FLED FROM A LIFE OF SIN.

TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE OF A PRETTY DANCE-HOUSE GIRL WHILE ESCAPING FROM A DEN OF VICE IN THE MINN. ESOTA PINERIES NEAR TOWER.





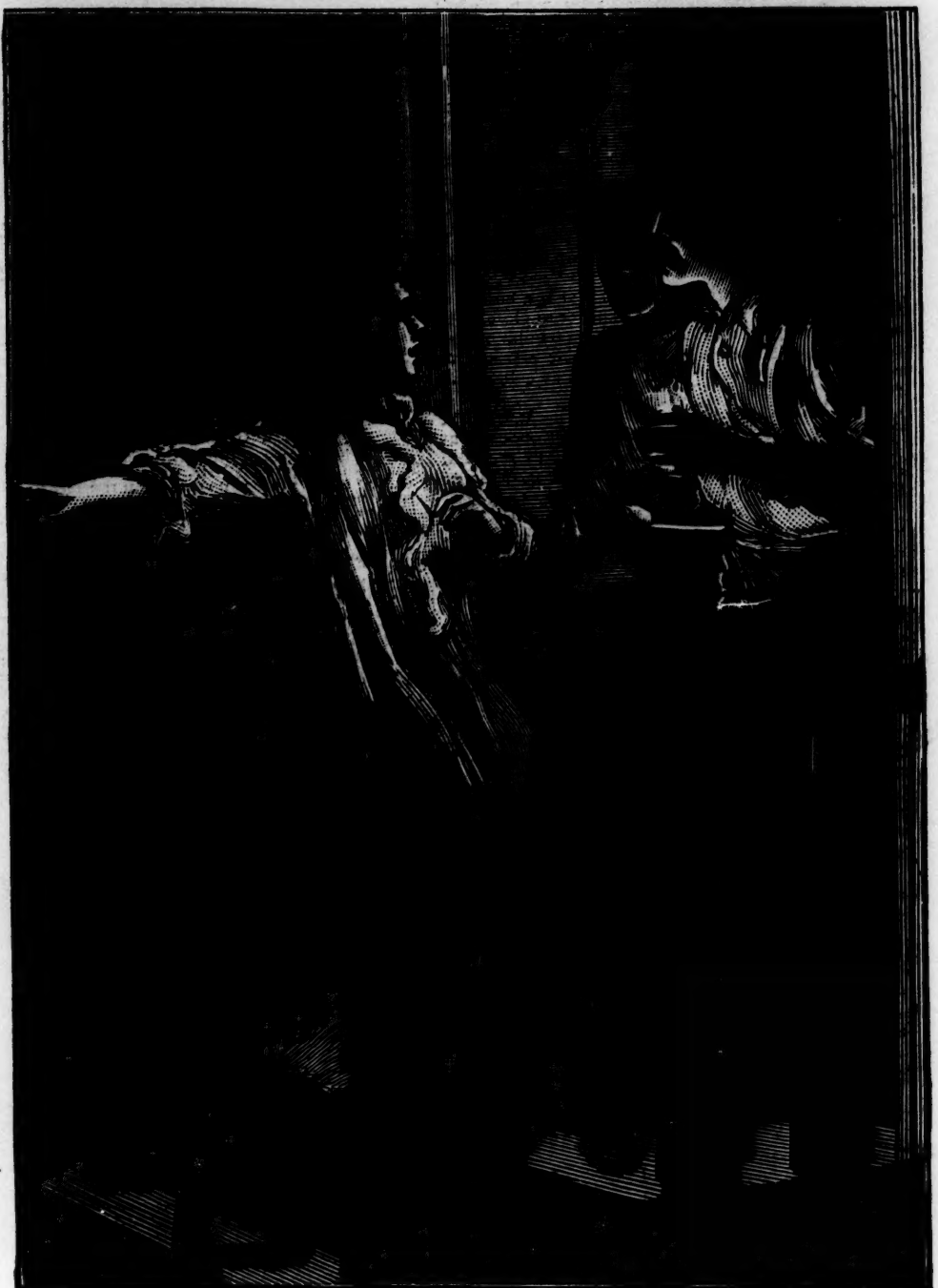
THEY ARE A BAD LOT.

THE FRIGHTFUL PICTURE OF CRIME AND DEBAUCHERY WHICH HAS GIVEN NOTORIETY TO MARY JANE CAWLEY'S BACKWOODS DIVE AT COOKSTOWN, N. J.



SHE GAVE UP THE STAGE.

BEAUTIFUL MRS. KITTY LEE'S ROMANTIC FLIGHT FROM HER HUSBAND AND HOME IN UTICA, N. Y., TO BECOME A FOOTLIGHT FAVORITE.



A BURGLAR MURDERED HER HUSBAND.

HOW MRS. A. J. STILLWELL ALARMED THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF HANNIBAL, MO., AFTER DISCOVERING THE PERPETRATION OF A TERRIBLE CRIME.



## FOOTBALL.

Charley Bull, the Famous Long-distance Phenomenal Drop Kicker and Punter.



Charley Bull.

Our portrait this week is that of the famous long-distance phenomenal drop kicker and punter. He is the man who won the game from the Princeton by his two drop kicks from the out-field, which gave the Yale the college championship. He is a rapid runner, a good tackler, and the coolest and most deliberate football player in America. A great point in his favor, which makes him valuable to a team, is the able manner in which he coaches the half-backs.

The football season is over, and no one seems to be sorry, not even the players themselves, for there is scarcely one of them who has not bruises and scars yet to show from the past few weeks' contests.

If ever Bedlam was let loose since Adam was hustled out of the Garden of Eden, it was a week or two ago, when the Yale and Princeton played their great championship match at the Polo Grounds, on which occasion every Indian who had ever been to college was fired with enthusiasm, from the old gray-haired man to the bare-faced stripling. From the excitement which prevailed one would imagine it was the greatest event which had ever taken place on earth.

The boys had been saving up their dust for weeks for the occasion, and the way they made it fly that day had a dizzy, blinding effect on many of them before the day was over, and they did not improve any with their night's rest, for they looked, on Sunday morning, as though they had been struck by a blizzard.

Their fun was all over and their funds all gone, and nothing left from which to remember the festive occasion but heads as big as barrels, that ached so badly that they could scarcely collect their thoughts, although they did realize the fact that they were only out in the cold and driving storm because they were thrown out.

This thing of a fellow's money giving out just at a time when he needs it most is exceedingly provoking, and has placed more than college students in an embarrassing position, and made them pull their uncle's leg until they didn't even have a collar-button left.

Everybody did a good business, and they all smiled, even to the Yale students, who kept it up until it broke out into a broad grin.

There was such a run on the hock shops, however, that the proprietors did not get a chance to close their establishments until broad daylight on Sunday morning, and then it was on account of their refusing to allow anything on such small articles as collars and neckties.

There was nothing heard the whole night, ringing through the streets of the great metropolis, but "Princeton is in the soup," "Princeton is in the cold, cold ground," "When you get dressed go West, go West," followed by yells for Yale.

There was one elderly gentleman from the West who was a Princeton graduate. He had sixteen hundred dollars with him, and he backed old Princeton for all he was worth; but it did not make them win, and only plunged the old gentleman in the mire, for when the game was over he had but one dollar and twenty-five cents to his name and not a friend within two thousand miles. Well, now, maybe he did not have to part with his elegant watch and diamonds in order to get back home.

Princeton has a great team, but it is not policy to back them up to the full extent of your pile, for, they say, those Yale fellows know just the least bit about the game, and it is said they have a full-back that is a "cuckoo" on the long kick from the field. It has been intimated that the Princetonians know more about Bull's ability to kick from the out-field than they care to talk about.

It was certainly a great game and one that will long be remembered by the Princeton club, who had it very forcibly impressed upon their minds.

In the rough and tumble business the Princeton are far from being slouches, and they, no doubt, gave the Yale all they had bargained for, but the trouble was that none of them could jump high enough in the air to stop the ball and counteract those damaging kicks from Bull.

It was beyond a doubt, however, a most brilliantly played game, and it was extremely interesting from start to finish.

The highest grade of society was represented, including some of the most beautiful and accomplished belles in New York City.

It was not the gutter-snipes and dock-rats that were playing, but bon ton boys from Yale and Princeton, and as the old, but true, saying is: "Birds of a feather flock together." It was a high-toned crowd that played and a swell crowd that looked on.

The entire field was surrounded by tally-hos, and every possible vehicle in the shape of a stage was pressed into service and decorated with the colors of either Princeton or Yale, according to the crowd which was putting up the dust.

The livery stable men certainly had a corner on foot-

ball that day, and the way in which they bled the unsophisticated students was a piteous sight to behold. They all had their best girls along with them and money was no object so long as they were able to show a good front.

It was a magnificent sight to behold the thousands of highly interested spectators watching these twenty-two athletes fighting for the leather, as though their very lives were at stake.

Everybody was excited, and although there was a heavy police force in attendance it was found inadequate for the occasion. The crowd wanted to see every movement made by either team, and they kept pushing and crowding one another until they broke the line continually.

Old Superintendent Murray imagined that Captain Westervelt was not thoroughly attending to his duty, so he hopped down off the grand stand and forced his way through the crowd to preserve order.

Some fellow gave the Great Mogul a shove, saying: "Who are you?" The "Super" lost his temper, and before he could find it again he had planted his fist between the student's eyes by way of an introduction. The young man was satisfied that the "Super" was all right, and as a rush of "coppers" came to the aid of their chief, the crowd fell back in great shape, at this particular point.

The boys, on this occasion, let be said to their credit, were exceptionally courteous for football players, and as a matter of fact only two of them had to be disqualified for rough work.

They left all the rowdiness for the winding up of the season, which was on Thanksgiving day, and the way those boys did honor to the day would set prize fighting, cock fighting and dog fighting completely in the shade. It commenced in the morning at the Polo Grounds between the Crescent and Orange clubs, and although fighting, punching, kicking and gouging was worse there than had been seen on any football field during the season, it was not a circumstance to the work of the afternoon, when the Wesleyans confronted the team from the University of Pennsylvania.

It had been whispered around among the collegians for some time past that there would be some pretty tough slugging in this game, and all the gang who thirst for gore took the tip and were on hand. It is safe to say that not a single person present was disappointed, for the style in which they slugged one another reminded one of the days of the Roman gladiators.

A corps of men were kept busy doing nothing else than carrying off the wounded men from the field, and from the alacrity with which their places were filled it was plainly to be seen that every student in both colleges were football players, as well as being pretty well up in the slugging business.

We have seen prize fights, where men have been beaten until they fell to the ground from exhaustion; rough-and-tumble fights where men have had their ears bitten off and their eyes gouged out; cock fights where the steel spurs have been driven clean through heads and necks; and dog fights where the legs have been chewed entirely off and mangled so frightfully that they died in the pit, but all this was mild compared with the blood-curdling style in which the collegians butchered each other in this game.

Jake Kilrain and Charley Mitchell were to have boxed at Prof. Wm. Clark's Natorium, St. Louis, on Dec. 31. James L. Blair, Vice-President of the Police Board, gave instructions to the Chief to stop the exhibition, even though a city Judge had decided that boxing with gloves did not come under the statute. "You can announce positively for me," he said in conclusion, "that there will be no sparring or boxing at the Natorium this evening." Parson Davies was at the Southern consoling Mitchell. "I hear," said Davies, "that the law here is opposed to things of this kind, but it is a bad law and should be contested. We are afflicted with the same miserable code in Illinois, and I intend to go back there and to contest it. There is no harm in sparring, but back-room prize fights ought to be stopped. If we can't spar here this evening we will stay in the town a few days and enjoy its beautiful scenery and then go away again." Kilrain did not have much to say, only he laughed at being called a "bruiser," and thought it was a good joke.

Recently Fred Johnson and Bill Baxter, two of the best pugilists in England, fought with small gloves for the 118-pound championship of England. After fighting 43 rounds, lasting 2 hours and 43 minutes, Johnson's legs gave out and Baxter was awarded the fight. They had met five times previously in limited round contests, Johnson being the winner on three occasions.

Sporting men of Washington, D. C., are eager to match George Northridge against Gus Lambert of New York city to battle for a purse. There is every likelihood of Northridge and Jimmy Childs battling for \$500 a side and the championship of the District of Columbia.

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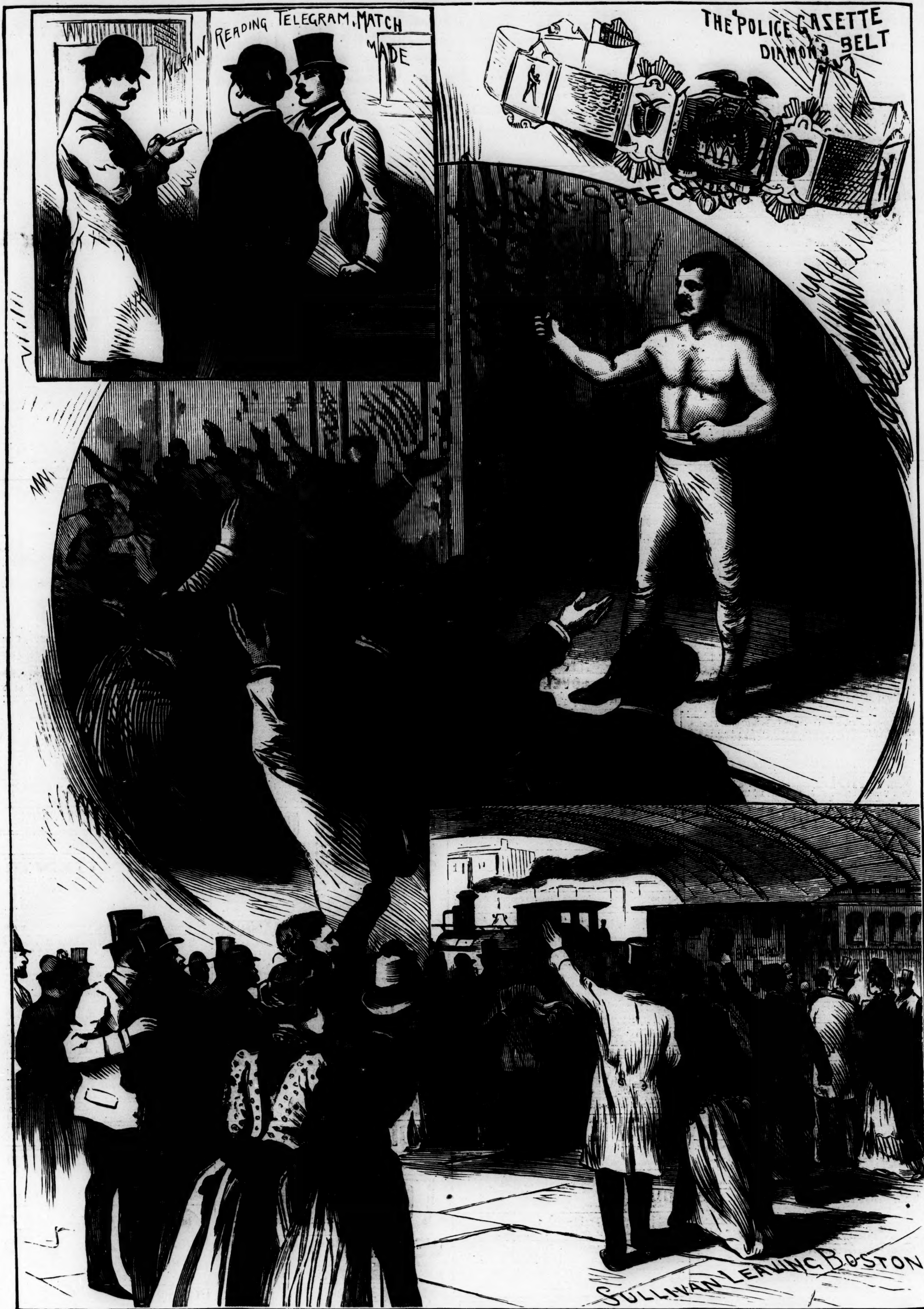
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